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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

KILLERS OF THE CENTER

Evenhanded to a fault, the State Department has denied entry visas to Nicaragua's Interior Minister Tomás Borge and El Salvador's Constituent Assembly president Roberto d'Aubuisson. Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth Dam explained that the Reagan Administration is committed to stopping "the killers" and "would-be dictators" of the left and the right.

But what about the killers of the center? Dam would have a problem there, for they inhabit the very precincts of his employment. The United States is waging a war by proxy against Nicaragua. It is financing and directing the civil war in El Salvador and aiding and abetting brutal repression in Guatemala. President Reagan risks global extermination by destabilizing Europe with thermonuclear missiles. And then there's Grenada, the Middle East, the Philippines and dozens of other political pies with bloody American fingers in them.

It's hard to claim innocence with so much murder loose in the world, but what single standard could possibly indict the revolutionary soldier Borge and the "pathological killer" d'Aubuisson (as former U.S. Ambassador Robert White called him) on the same charge? Dam's self-righteous and transparently hypocritical pronouncement should not carry the moral authority of a gnat.

If the State Department was seriously interested in reducing the daily body count, it could begin in El Salvador, which is probably the global champion in state-sanctioned killing these days. There, d'Aubuisson holds power through the bad offices of the Reagan Administration. Simply by withdrawing its support, the United States could save tens of thousands of lives—as Jimmy Carter did in Nicaragua when he abandoned Somoza. Instead, Reagan would impose his own brutal peace on El Salvador and all of Central America: the peace of the dead.

THE WEEK AFTER
Robert Karl Manoff

NO MORE GRENADAS
Michael T. Klare

THE WEIRTON BUY-OUT
Don Goldstein

JOSEPH ROTH: EMPEROR OF AMBIVALENCE
Anthony Heilbut

IDEOLOGY AT THE BIJOU
Joyce Johnson

ULTIMATE VACCINES

DNA—KEY TO BIOLOGICAL WARFARE?

CHARLES PILLER

Officially, the United States has renounced "germ warfare," and in 1981 the Reagan Administration precipitately condemned Vietnam's alleged spread of "yellow rain" in Cambodia. In 1969, President Richard Nixon pledged that the United States would never develop or use biological weapons, and in 1972 he signed the Convention on the Prohibition of the Development, Production and Stockpiling of Bacteriological (Biological) and Toxin Weapons, which bans even the possession of such agents.

Yet under the guise of "defensive" research, which the treaty technically permits, the Department of Defense has sponsored a broad program of studies, applying the latest techniques of genetic engineering in ways that could give the U.S. military the capability to wage biological war. The results of that research could send the arms race off on another dangerous spiral.

The Pentagon's biological warfare (B.W.) researchers are using recombinant DNA ("gene-splicing") technology, whose peacetime applications have already raised serious moral questions. Recombinant DNA is a process whereby segments of DNA, the basic genetic blueprint, are removed from the cell of one species and attached to that of another, creating a "new" organism. A related development is hybridoma technology, by which different kinds of cells are fused, creating "immortal" cell lines that do not die off after a few generations, as do normal cells.

Pentagon researchers are not using gene-splicing and hybridoma techniques to create new "super germs," or to enhance the virulence and

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LETTERS.

REFUTING 'THE ROSENBERG FILE'

New York City

While I appreciate much of what Andrew Kopkind writes, I believe he did *Nation* readers a disservice in his piece on the Town Hall debate, "Were the Rosenbergs Framed?" As he says in the opening paragraph of his editorial ["Passion Play," Nov. 5], "the message [of the case] really matters." But the message must include some of the evidence presented that evening, which Kopkind omits. What follows are three quite substantive examples from the debate that help demonstrate that the arguments of Walter Schneir, Miriam Schneir and others refuting Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton's *The Rosenberg File* are quite well founded.

(1) In discussing whether my parents dropped out of the Communist Party to engage in espionage, Radosh and Milton rely not only on three interviews with former party members but also on correspondence between David Greenglass and Ruth Greenglass, the chief prosecution witnesses. In a November 1944 letter to Ruth, David writes, "I was happy to hear that you spent a pleasant day with the Rosenbergs. My darling, I most certainly will be glad to be part of the community project that Julius and his friends have in mind." David Greenglass said in a 1979 interview that he was referring to the Russians as my father's "friends." At the debate, Walter Schneir read from an earlier letter, from Ruth to David: "In the course of our conversation the question of homes came up. Julie said that he was counting on us for one of the families in this community of homes to be built after the war." That was the actual "community project" which David mentioned. In fact, my parents invested $50 in some property in upstate New York after the war. Neither Radosh nor Milton deigned to respond to this point.

(2) In defending the credibility of the jailhouse informer, Jerome Eugene Tartakow, Radosh and Milton claim Tartakow acted as liaison between Eugene Dennis, head of the Communist Party, U.S.A., and my father, and that is why my father confided in Tartakow. To prove it, they say Tartakow was recommended in a letter from Dennis to my parents' lawyer, Emanuel Bloch. Miriam Schneir informed the Town Hall audience that there was no evidence that Dennis ever wrote a letter of reference for Tartakow. Marshall Perlin, acting as "first questioner" for the Schneirs at the debate, asked Radosh and Milton if they had found that letter in the F.B.I. files. Milton responded: "We never said anything about a letter, only a reference." But on page 314 of their book, they assert, "Tartakow showed up at Manny Bloch's office armed with a letter of reference from Eugene Dennis."

(3) Finally, the alleged photocopying session at my family's apartment over a July 4 weekend was discussed at length. This is very important because it goes to the heart of Radosh and Milton's honesty as researchers. According to Tartakow, my father explained that with William Perl and two other men, he had photocopied documents that Perl had obtained from a Columbia University physics lab. Radosh and Milton claim that Perl "checked out and signed for a huge amount of classified material." Radosh and Milton cite as their source a July 2, 1951, F.B.I. report by Special Agent O'Donoghue from Perl's file. Until recently, the O'Donoghue report could not be found, leading the Schneirs and others to doubt its existence. There was a summary Justice Department report on *all* F.B.I. investigations of Perl, but it states that "investigations at Columbia University failed to disclose that Perl removed any classified material at Columbia University." I quoted that report in my letters to *The New York Review of Books* and *New York*, but Radosh and Milton ignored it in their replies and instead reiterated that the O'Donoghue report supported their interpretation.

At Town Hall, Miriam Schneir revealed that she and Walter Schneir had found the phantom report—but it was not by O'Donoghue, not in the Perl file and not dated July 2, 1951. More important, it says in part, "Perl was . . . technical assistant at Pupin physics laboratory, Columbia University. . . . Perl handled certain . . . affairs, which included receiving classified material. . . . Such classified material was sent . . . by registered mail . . . office at Columbia maintained no records of various reports received and did not have a charge-out system . . . all reports were receipted for in writing." Yet in *New York*, Radosh and Milton had the gall to dismiss as "preposterous" my statement that "receipted for" meant that Perl was receiving the material in the laboratory and not checking it out. Milton's response suggested that even if there was no checkout system, Perl had the combination to the safe where the documents were kept, so if he signed for material when no one was there, there is no reason to assume he put it in the safe instead of taking it off to the Rosenbergs' apartment for the weekend. *That* was the only answer. Clearly the Schneirs have shown that Tartakow's story *did not check out*. Any honest reader of the files, including the "O'Donoghue" report, would have to reach the same conclusion.

One other point was resolved at the Town Hall debate—the issue of Radosh and Milton's footnote citations. The Schneirs and others have taken the authors to task for obscure footnoting. Every F.B.I. document has a file number and a document number. Radosh and Milton refer to F.B.I. documents simply by date and file name. In *The New York Review of Books* and elsewhere, they have insisted that the file numbers are only on the set of documents in the office of my lawyer, Marshall Perlin, and therefore not usable in the F.B.I. reading room. At Town Hall, Walter Schneir read letters from the F.B.I. that proved that the file numbers are the agency's own. Needless to say, there was no comment from Radosh and Milton about the file numbers being only on "our" set.

I close reiterating the question I raised from the floor at the debate. There are two basic approaches to assessing the F.B.I.'s activities in my parents' case. Radosh and Milton treat the F.B.I. files as if they reveal a search for the truth about spying. I and others believe that the F.B.I. was out to build a case against my parents, not to search for the truth. I suggested that an early memorandum from Ruth Greenglass to her lawyer about how the F.B.I. first questioned her might help sort out these competing analyses. According to the memorandum, the F.B.I. did not ask Greenglass neutral questions but "told her" what they had already got out of her husband in order to get her corroboration. I asked for comments but Radosh and Milton changed the subject.

I hope many *Nation* readers will read the transcript of the debate or listen to its rebroadcast on WBAI on December 9. As I said in *The New York Times Book Review*, my parents were innocent; after Radosh and Milton's book is thoroughly refuted, even more Americans will come to believe that.

Michael Meeropol

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

Palisades, N.Y.

Right before our eyes *The Nation* has been slipping through some weird time warp. Its coverage of Central America, which had been the best available by far, has all but dried up, just when we need it most. The magazine published a fine issue on weapons technology in the spring ["The New Arms Technology and What It Means," April 9] and then seemed to feel it had said enough on that crucial subject. Suddenly, *The Nation* has ceased to be a regular source of perceptive firsthand reporting of situations and events that the daily press and networks ignore or bury under official cover stories.

Instead of making *Nation* readers the best informed people on the block, the magazine has been devoting its energies to promoting a dream of a misty Golden Age of the left, when all Americans of courage and humanity joined hands (or almost did, or someday will) in one ringingly harmonious Movement (progammatic content to be announced later, we must assume). Oh, sure, there's an obligation to bat out the predictable commentary on James Watt, Grenada and so on, but the burning imperative in *The Nation*

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EDITORIALS.

Sexual Politics

Gender gapologists, that trendy subcategory of political pundits, assume that the sharp discrepancy in support for President Reagan between the sexes works to the Republicans' electoral disadvantage. The gap is currently about 15 percentage points. According to a mid-November *New York Times* poll, 38 percent of the women interviewed favor Reagan's re-election, as against 53 percent of the men. But a closer inspection of the numbers suggests that the gap may be the very opposite of a G.O.P. disability. In fact, Reagan may have stumbled upon a new sexual strategy, one which is congenial to his deepest political instincts and values, and one which, if it is pursued, could bring him victory in 1984.

Consider the public response to the invasion of Grenada. Before that démarche, Reagan's popularity among all voters was low; then only 38 percent of respondents to a *Times* poll favored his re-election. Now the total is 45 percent—what is striking is that Reagan's gains are almost entirely among male voters. On the surface, most women remain unimpressed, or at least unconvinced, by Reagan's military machismo.

But when the "women's vote" is broken down into economic and psychological categories, a different picture emerges. As portrayed on the *Times* chart, showing the political views of women at different economic levels, there is a steady increase in support for Reagan as women move up the income and status ladder and, more interesting, as they ac-

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cept male stereotypes—and male definitions of women. Thus, only 24 percent of the women whose family income is under $10,000 a year favor Reagan's re-election, while fully 58 percent of those whose family income is more than $40,000 do. Twenty-nine percent of the unmarried, unemployed women support the President; 47 percent of those who are married with no children living at home are Reagan fans.

That last figure—47 percent—is exactly the same as the proportion of Reagan supporters among "women who think men are more logical." And also the same as that among "men who think men are more logical." In contrast, among "women who think women are more logical," only 33 percent support the President's re-election: the proportion of men and male-identified women attracted to Reagan is virtually identical. The results are similar when men and women are asked which sex they consider "more honest."

The sexual strategy that Reagan could follow is analogous to Richard Nixon's "Southern strategy" in the 1968 election, dreamed up by political writer and promoter Kevin Phillips. In accordance with that scheme, Nixon deliberately appealed to the racist and conservative sensibilities of Southern whites who were angered by the civil rights movement, in order to carve out a strong constituency in a traditionally Democratic area. The resulting hostility of blacks was a necessary consequence of the polarization process. Indeed, Nixon measured his success by the level of opposition to him among blacks and their white liberal sympathizers.

Thus, if Reagan plays his sexual cards right, we can expect more appeals to male pride, to patriarchal "family values," to patriotism and militarism. At the same time, Reagan will make it clear that the men in his political life are white, rich, straight and getting on in years: that is, very much in his own image. It will not be the first time that a President has fashioned an electoral strategy after his own image.

If there is an antidote to this sex fiendishness, it will be found in the isolation of Reagan's white male power base. Opponents must build a coalition of all those people Reagan does not see when he looks in the mirror. Some commentators and a lot of conservative Democratic politicians—John Glenn and Ed Koch, for two—call those outsiders "special interests," as if anyone excluded from the ruling minority has no political legitimacy. But apart from its ideological hypocrisy, that kind of talk must be politically fatal. The Democrats cannot co-opt the core of Reaganism, so they had better work hard, and fast, to find their own majority.

Seaga's Game

The invasion of Grenada was more than a military maneuver; it was an explosive political event whose aftereffects are only beginning to be felt. The first major fallout has hit Jamaica, where conservative Prime Minister Edward Seaga has dissolved Parliament and announced a blitzkrieg election campaign culminating in a vote December 15. The opposition, sensing certain defeat—and permanent disenfranchisement—is taking the extraordinary step of boycotting the election: it will not field candidates or participate in the voting. In all, a dramatic political crisis is rapidly building to a conclusion that no one can predict.

The opposition People's National Party (P.N.P.) claims that Seaga and his Jamaica Labor Party (J.L.P.) had agreed not to call elections until an independent commission redrew voting lists and electoral districts. There has been widespread emigration from the island (primarily to the United States and Canada) since Seaga defeated the P.N.P.'s head, Michael Manley, in 1980. In Kingston, where nearly one-quarter of Jamaica's 2 million people live, the political composition of voting districts has shifted dramatically, and J.L.P. warlords have consolidated their power in neighborhoods that were once P.N.P. fiefdoms. Without the promised redistricting, Manley and other party leaders are likely to lose their parliamentary seats in the election, the left opposition will be marginalized and Seaga will be able to enact constitutional changes insuring that he will rule indefinitely. For instance, it is believed that Seaga wants to replace the parliamentary government with American-style presidential rule, along with proportional representation in the legislature. Rather than give legitimacy to such changes—and its own destruction—by remaining part of the system, the P.N.P. apparently prefers to fight Seaga from the outside.

It's a dangerous stratagem but the P.N.P., a broadly based, moderate-to-left democratic party, is convinced that more than a routine government shuffle or reshuffle is at stake. Seaga is riding high as President Reagan's loyal lieutenant in "the American Mediterranean," and his powerful sponsors on the mainland and in Jamaica would like to see him and the interests his party represents maintain the relationship. Grenada boosted Seaga's popularity as it did Reagan's, but it remains to be seen whether both of them can capitalize on the aftershocks that are bound to come.

The Week After

It began as soon as *The Day After* went off the air and a special edition of ABC's *Viewpoint* came on. The rules of ideological manipulation must be applied quickly if they are to obscure the nuclear issue, as they have for almost forty years. Ted Koppel could not even wait for the panel discussion to start. "You probably need it about now," he began. "There is some good news. If you can, take a quick look out the window. It's all still there. Your neighborhood is still there; so is Kansas City and Lawrence. . . . What we've all just seen is a sort of a nuclear version of Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. . ."

Rule of Ideological Manipulation Number One: Reduce the urgency of the issue.

Next Koppel turned to Secretary of State George Shultz, whose function it was to guide the emotions stirred by the film into the appropriate political channels. He did it by drowning what might have been a moral judgment about nuclear war ("horrible," even "inhuman") in bureaucratic waters: nuclear warfare, he told us limply, was merely "not

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acceptable." With that, the anchorman and the Secretary precipitated a discussion of Reagan Administration policy that took the viewers far from the subject of the film and even farther from the center of their own emotions.

Rule Number Two: Depoliticize the discussion by politicizing it within manageable boundaries.

Koppel then turned to the panelists, William F. Buckley Jr., Henry Kissinger, Robert McNamara, Carl Sagan, Brent Scowcroft and Elie Wiesel. Buckley came as close as he could, without being sued, to calling the film Soviet disinformation. Kissinger called it "simple-minded" and warned against pacifism and psychological disarmament "by scaring ourselves to death." McNamara thought the film had stimulated discussion about the right questions and that the answers were arms reduction and crisis stability. Sagan warned that nuclear war would be even more destructive than the film had dared to suggest. Scowcroft defended deterrence. Wiesel admitted he was scared.

Rule Number Three: Restrict the discussion to authorities in the mainstream and exclude anyone who might make a political appeal to mobilize the citizenry. Corollary: Do not discuss the nuclear freeze if it can be avoided.

In fairness to Wiesel, he had something else to say: "I have seen the film and while I was watching it I had a strange feeling that I had seen it before, except once upon a time it happened to my people, and now it happens to all people. And suddenly I said to myself, maybe the whole world, strangely, has turned Jewish. Everybody lives now facing the unknown. We are all, in a way, helpless. We are talking about nuclear arms, about the bomb with a capital B, a kind of divinity in itself."

Rule Number Four: Encourage the view that we are all victims without victimizers, that nuclear weapons are an inevitable part of the natural (if not the divine) order and that, by implication, they are a fate that must be borne.

Within minutes, Koppel took the floor to emphasize "the danger that in being human about what we've just seen, we may become not only impractical but unwise." Later in the week, that was to become the theme of *The Crisis Game*, ABC's four-hour simulation of National Security Council decision-making during a U.S.-Soviet confrontation over Iran and Middle East oil. With Edmund Muskie playing the President, James Schlesinger the Secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford the Secretary of State and lesser lights a covey of advisers and aides, the N.S.C. met and repelled a Soviet thrust through Iran toward the Persian Gulf, without precipitating a nuclear war.

Hodding Carter 3d, who played one of the officials, spoke to *The New York Times* before the game took place. "One of the points of crisis control is to avoid a nuclear exchange," he said. "I doubt that it will happen." Clifford praised the timing of the program: "I think this type of show can have a comforting effect." Koppel was edified, but for another reason; as he told an interviewer on *Entertainment Tonight*:

> If, by creating a situation that's worse than anything we've seen in the last forty years, we can't push people into a nuclear confrontation, maybe that actually says something good about the balance of terror, if you will, that exists in the world today.

Rule Number Five: Reduce ethical and political questions to questions about management and technique. Corollary: Demonstrate that everything is under control.

"Let me bring it back to the family level," Koppel told Shultz in the *Viewpoint* interview. "What if you were answering the question [about the threat of nuclear war] to your son or to your granddaughter?" Later, after Sagan had rebutted Shultz's contention that the Administration is already disarming, pointing out that its current buildup calls for an increase in the number of strategic warheads from 9,000 to 14,000, Koppel turned to the scientist. "Carl," he said, "forgive me. Let us leave it in those general terms because I must confess statistics leave my mind reeling and, I suspect, everybody else's too."

Rule Number Six: Infantilize the public any way you can.

Unfortunately, the news media are not alone in having mastered Rule Number Six. Antinuclear organizations have also learned it well. That is the best explanation for the hysteria they helped to create in the weeks before the film aired. Fearing that the movie would sow despair, the movement went to work to harvest popular fear. The mails came loaded with bulletins, advisories and appeals for funds to forewarn the public. Schools alerted parents to the risk should a child choose to watch the film. Dr. Joyce Brothers counseled caution. Ground Zero was one of many organizations that set up hot lines or viewer-support groups. It issued a viewing guide which advised, "WATCH 'THE DAY AFTER' . . . BUT *DON'T* WATCH IT ALONE" and, "Right After the Movie: Announce that there will be a 5-15 minute break. Encourage people to get up, walk around, or talk with others before the discussion begins. You may want to serve refreshments as a transition into the discussion."

If Ted Koppel's message all week was "Trust us," the antinuclear movement began the affair by telling the viewers, "Don't trust yourselves."

It is the moment to dissent from both views, and offer another: *The First Rule of Democratic Politics: Trust the people.*

ROBERT KARL MANOFF

Robert Karl Manoff, managing editor of Harper's, *is writing a book about press coverage of nuclear weapons issues.*

NEXT WEEK:

Stanley Aronowitz on turmoil among the transportation unions; Fred Halliday on the Iraqi tilt; Tom Frieden inside Nicaragua; Andrew Kopkind on European de-alignment; and Richard Munson on Big Oil's solar grab.

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CALVIN TRILLIN

Now that the United States Court of Appeals has ruled that it was O.K. for the editor of *The Nation*, one Victor S. Navasky, to filch a manuscript of Gerald Ford's memoirs and spill the beans about the Nixon pardon, it has fallen upon me to explain the case to the layman. Fortunately, I am ideally suited for the task. I have kept abreast of the case from the start—except, of course, for the heist itself, which was solely the work of the aforementioned Navasky. It was I who had suggested that the book be titled *White House Memories of a Lucky Klutz*, or *Is This the Fairway for the Eighth Hole, or What?* It was I who pointed out that in an era when an unfairly dismissed busboy wouldn't think of suing for less than a million, suing Navasky for $12,500, the price of a publisher's lunch, might have been an attempt to make him out to be not just a thief but a small-time thief. Later, when Navasky slid back into a life of crime by lifting the manuscript of a book by Richard M. Nixon—an episode I have dealt with in detail in a study called "The Case of the Purloined Turkey"—it was I who urged him to seek help in rehabilitating himself, pointing out that the reporter who steals manuscripts of our political leaders' memoirs bears the burden of reading them. Now that I think of it, I'm surprised I wasn't called upon to testify at the Ford memoirs trial. I know plenty.

Here's what happened: Gerald Ford decides to write his memoirs, after getting an opinion from the White House counsel that the intent of those who framed the Constitution was that the President's salary include first serial rights and a fifty-fifty split on the paperback. (It is true that Jefferson got sixty-forty, but his agents were able to argue that he had published previous books, all of which earned back their advance.) Ford hires a ghostwriter, who would later testify that Ford was "not very anecdotal"—which is a nice ghostwriterly way of saying that he's the sort of man who isn't quite up to remembering what he had for breakfast. Ford's agent sells the book to Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest*, and that partnership in turn sells the constitutionally protected first serial rights to *Time*. So far, everybody is happy—except the ghostwriter, whose first six hours with Ford are spent coaxing out something like "bacon and eggs, I think, although that might have been yesterday."

Enter Sticky Fingers Navasky—through an open window, I suppose, unless he marched right past the receptionist, disguised as a lunchtime delivery boy bringing takeout to the publishers from Lutèce or The Four Seasons. (As I have stated, I have no firsthand knowledge of the alleged felony.) He filches the manuscript and writes a piece for *The Nation* revealing that Ford's book did not even mention some of the theories going around about why he pardoned Nixon—the theory that he had traded the pardon for an introduction to the best real estate broker in Palm Springs, for instance, or the theory that he had Nixon mixed up with a man named Dixon who had been arrested for climbing the Statue of Liberty in order to call attention to the plight of handicapped pets. *Time* says that it is no longer interested in printing excerpts from the book—thereby acknowledging publicly for the first time that its readership is identical to that of *The Nation*—and the publishers, led by Harper & Row president Brooks Thomas, sue Navasky for the pathetic twelve-five. Naturally, the case draws a lot of interest: because it involves the President's first serial rights, constitutional issues are involved. So far, so good.

The first trial was in Federal District Court in Manhattan. I suspected things might not be going well for *The Nation*'s side when I noticed that every time Navasky sat in the witness chair next to the judge's desk the judge edged his silver water pitcher just out of Sticky Fingers' reach. Sure enough, the judge handed down a decision that, stripped of its judicial language and boiled down to a form that the layman can understand, amounted to this: Navasky is not just a thief but a small-time thief.

Naturally, *The Nation* appealed. If you had a free lawyer, you'd appeal too. At the appeals court, *The Nation*'s free lawyer argued that in all of Navasky's article there were only 229 words of Ford's book that were under copyright, and even those weren't terribly interesting. The lawyer for *Reader's Digest* had a stronger case than the lawyer for Harper & Row: when the editors at *Reader's Digest* got through condensing Ford's book, 229 words were about all they'd end up using. For some reason, *The Nation*'s free lawyer concentrated on the First Amendment issue to the point of excluding what I had urged upon him as Navasky's two strongest arguments: (1) Since nothing is basically what Navasky pays all contributors to *The Nation*, not stealing Ford's memoirs would have left *The Nation* vulnerable to suits from other contributors under the equal protection provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment, and (2) There is a public health issue involved, since even the thought of paying for writing causes Navasky to break out in hives.

Even without those arguments, the Court of Appeals held for *The Nation*, with the majority decision being written by Judge Irving R. Kaufman—the same judge, it was widely noted, who presided over the trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Naturally, Navasky professed to be delighted with the decision, although it is my understanding that he was sort of hoping Judge Kaufman would give Brooks Thomas the chair—maybe just to scare him into revealing what he spends on those lunches. According to *The New York Times*, the case was important partly because it dealt with the distinction between facts, which cannot be copyrighted, and the "author's individual expression"—not an easy distinction to make, particularly when the expression of the author in question tends to be something like, "Maybe waffles; I like a waffle now and then, if they're not too done." Legal scholars believe the effect of the case will be mixed: the First Amendment has been strengthened, but it's probably still not a really good idea to leave Navasky alone in a room with your silver.

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ARTICLES.

THE 1960s NO LONGER APPLY

Resistance to More Grenadas

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Because it signaled Washington's determination to use force to oust undesirable governments, the U.S. invasion of Grenada has caused Americans to fear interventions against other targets on President Reagan's global hit list—among them, Nicaragua, Cuba, Iran, Syria, Vietnam, Angola and Libya. Those fears have triggered an intense national debate on the political use of military force and have prompted a fresh outpouring of anti-interventionist activism (as exemplified by the November 12 marches in Washington and other American cities). The debate has created a strong sense of *déjà vu*, as Americans recall the days when demonstrators against the Vietnam War first appeared in the streets and on the campuses. While there are many similarities between that era and the present, the underlying political and military situations are very different.

Let me briefly sketch some of the major changes that have taken place in these areas since 1963:

§ Warfare has become much more dangerous. Although the number of nuclear warheads in the world is approximately the same, today's warheads are much more lethal, they are more widely dispersed, both on land and at sea, and more countries have them. Equally significant, high-tech conventional weapons have been developed and procured at an unprecedented rate. Once-powerless Third World nations field armies equipped with the world's most sophisticated missiles, tanks and war planes. This portends future conflicts in the Third World that will be increasingly violent and will entail a greater risk of escalation [see Klare, "A Nuclear Freeze Isn't Enough," *The Nation*, September 25, 1982].

§ The typology of warfare has changed. In the early 1960s, the pre-eminent form of conflict was the struggle between revolutionary forces and colonial regimes or dictatorial governments backed by the Western powers. Wars of that type are still being fought—in El Salvador, Guatemala, the Western Sahara, Namibia and the Philippines, for example. But today, other types of war threaten global stability: territorial and political conflicts between rival Third World powers (Iraq and Iran); communal, religious and ethnic struggles (in Lebanon, Chad, Yemen and Ethiopia); combat between anticommunist insurgents and prevailing socialist regimes (in Afghanistan, Cambodia, Angola, etc.); and various forms of struggle set off by traditional cold war and anticolonial antagonisms (in the Middle East as a whole). It is more difficult for an Administration to justify U.S. intervention in those kinds of conflicts, witness Reagan's tortuous explanation of the U.S. role in Lebanon. The task of anti-interventionists, however, is also complicated, especially when faced with a situation (for instance, a war with Iran or Syria) in which the United States may not be cast in the bully-versus-underdog role, as it was in the Vietnam War.

§ The domestic political situation is also different. In 1963, the nation was entering a period of rapid social and cultural change, which the antiwar struggle accelerated. Today, the American people are generally unsympathetic to social experimentation. There has been a resurgence of anti-Soviet sentiment, but it is accompanied by an increased fear of nuclear war and a continuing disinclination to get involved in overseas conflicts—particularly where a rapid and economical U.S. victory cannot be expected. Thus, public resistance to "another Vietnam" deters the direct commitment of U.S. combat troops in Central America, despite the Administration's obvious desire to annihilate the Sandinista government. Similar concerns bar a broader U.S. role in Lebanon and Southeast Asia. But current attitudes will also constrain the anti-interventionist response. Because of the widespread distrust of the Soviet Union, for example, the anti-American tone the Vietnam protest movement sometimes adopted will have to be avoided and greater attention paid to the public's concern about Soviet adventurism in the Third World.

Taken together, these developments form a complex and disturbing picture which, at first glance, seems more favorable to the Reaganites than to their opponents. It appears to justify strong and "righteous" U.S. military intervention wherever it is necessary to halt the spread of "global anarchy." The widespread grass-roots approval of Reagan's invasion of Grenada (or "rescue," as it is being called) seems to support that view. But a more realistic assessment of the world situation, I believe, favors the anti-interventionist side. Lebanon, rather than Grenada, will be the model for future conflicts in the Third World. Such conflicts are likely to affect legitimate U.S. interests only in obscure and convoluted ways. The potential risks to U.S. interests associated with interventionism, however, will increase enormously.

If fully implemented, the Reagan policy favoring intervention in localized Third World conflicts—what I call the Grenada syndrome [see Klare, *The Nation*, November 12]—will entail a mobilization of national resources unlike anything we've experienced since the onset of World War II. Because future adversaries are liable to be equipped with the latest U.S., Soviet and European weapons (acquired through the world "free market" in arms), the forces sent to subdue them will need even larger quantities of high-tech armaments in order to maintain clear superiority. Military manpower requirements will increase along with the drain on the national budget. That could mean higher taxes (and further cutbacks in social spending), increased in-

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flation, a peacetime draft and curbs on the press and public discourse. Finally, it could mean U.S. involvement in one local war after another, leaving the nation economically weak and spiritually bankrupt, or triggering a thermonuclear exchange that will destroy it altogether.

The message the left must convey to the American people is this: the Reagan policy of interventionism is a threat to our well-being and integrity as a people and, ultimately, to our very survival. *It is a threat to U.S. national security.* Many on the left will have difficulty enunciating that message. Talk of national security does not come easily to those who remember how the term was used to rationalize some of the worst excesses of the Vietnam War, but it may be the only way to outflank the Reaganites and build a majority consensus around nonintervention. □

THE JENA PEACE COMMUNITY

The Peaceniks of East Germany

AARON REID

East Germany is one of the most difficult countries in the world to leave, but in May, thirty of its citizens crossed the border to the West. They were not tourists or members of a cultural delegation. They were peace activists who had been, in effect, deported by the German Democratic Republic for daring to express views contrary to those sanctioned by the state. In East Germany there is only one peace movement, the official one. The thirty pacifists had attended a government-sponsored rally against the deployment of U.S. missiles in Western Europe, carrying signs that read "Dare to Trust," "Make Peace Without Weapons" and "Swords Into Plowshares." By suggesting that the Soviet bloc bears its share of blame for the nuclear arms race, they had committed an illegal act.

A majority of the deportees came from Jena, a university town in the southwestern part of the country, which since the nineteenth century has been a hotbed of worker activism. In 1968, Jena became the center of a new form of protest, also rooted in the working class. The Soviet Union's bloody suppression of the Prague Spring that year was as eye-opening an event for young East Germans as the Vietnam War was for Americans. Prague had been a favorite vacation spot for East Germans, and the people of Jena had inhaled the heady air of freedom there during Dubcek's experiment. But in 1968 they watched as tanks of their own People's Army rushed south to crush the "counterrevolution." The brutal crackdown alienated many young workers and artists from the government. They dropped out of Communist society and retreated into a private world of trusted friends. They spent their time discussing philosophy, literature and music, going on outings to the romantic hilly countryside surrounding the city or lying in bed all day with a book and a bottle of wine. They set up small libraries to circulate banned books and passed around poems and drawings. Because of the danger of police prosecution, this dropout subculture was highly secretive. Two groups might meet for years in adjacent apartments without being aware of each other's existence.

Isolated from the official youth organizations and from one another, these young people not only in Jena but all over East Germany yearned for a sense of community. They found it in the only independent institution permitted to exist in East Germany, the Lutheran Church. Representing 6 million in a population of 17 million, the church has the power to intervene with central authorities on behalf of its members. It has achieved a *modus vivendi* with the state, and each respects the other's separate sphere.

The situation in Jena, however, was somewhat different from that in the rest of East Germany. Historically, the church there has been conservative, and consequently it never gained the support of young people. Because of this tradition it was reluctant to open its facilities to the dissidents of the city, who were drawn to the church not so much for religion as for the opportunities it could provide for social interaction. It regarded them as rowdy youths or social outcasts. Moreover, the church was under strong pressure from the security police, the Staats Sicherheit (Stasi for short), to keep its house in order. The Zeiss optical works, which is located in Jena, makes equipment for the Warsaw Pact armies, and police regard any opposition group in the city as a potential security risk.

In the early 1970s some of the younger Lutheran pastors persuaded church elders to permit the formation of a youth organization. Initially, its members debated broad social issues, particularly the threat of nuclear war. Increasingly, they became involved in activism. Members organized seminars on conscientious objection, which few young people had been aware was a legal alternative to compulsory military service.

Throughout the 1970s, antiwar sentiment grew among the people of East Germany. The government sought to counteract it by glorifying the military and whipping up hostility toward the "class enemy," the United States. Fearing its citizens would be contaminated by the influx of West German visitors who came as a result of Chancellor Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, they warned their people not to be deceived by the West's conciliatory gestures. Courses in military science were introduced into the ninth- and tenth-grade curriculums in 1979, a move which was highly unpopular. The hostile Western reaction to the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan later that year was held up as proof that the Politburo hawks had been right, and the society was put on a military footing. Martial themes increasingly appeared in popular magazines, on television and in children's books. When the army held maneuvers, television news programs showed soldiers in mock combat for twenty

Aaron Reid is the pseudonym of an American writer who has spent the past year in Heidelberg on a research grant from the West German government.

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minutes out of every half-hour. Young men were pressured to choose a military career and were branded "antisocial" or "self-centered" if they served only the required three years. From the age of 7, boys were encouraged to play war, using minitanks provided by the government; boys and girls were required to attend summer military camps. The army became the pillar of the state, and "peace" became a hollow official slogan, used to justify militarism.

Alarmed by the militarization of society as well as the storm clouds on the international horizon, Jena's youth group sought to arouse the public. It introduced a peace liturgy into church services, set up open-air bazaars at which children could exchange their war toys for ordinary ones and organized seminars on nonviolence. As East-West relations grew more tense, the group's popularity increased.

The Stasi decided it was time to take action. Church leaders were summoned to headquarters and told they must do something about the "troublemakers" in their midst. The churchmen agreed. All along they had felt that a small group of nonbelievers was exploiting them for its own political aims. In April 1981, the Lutheran elders were provided a pretext to dissociate themselves from the young people. Church member Matthias Domaschk died under peculiar circumstances while being interrogated by Stasi agents. Although the official account of his death was full of discrepancies (for example, Domaschk was reported to have hanged himself "from the window bars," but his cell had no window and the coroner's report ruling out suicide had been altered), the church accepted it. But to Jena's young people, Domaschk became a hero; hundreds of them attended his burial service on short notice. A year later his memory was still alive; youths sneaked a memorial tribute past censors into the local papers. A sculptor carved a monument for his grave, which police promptly removed. And when youths tried to hold a memorial liturgy at the church, a pastor said the building was closed to them.

The final blow came late last summer when the youth group learned that a church elder had been reporting their activities to the Stasi since 1976. Despite the man's treachery, the church did not expel him; he was, the elders said, "repentant."

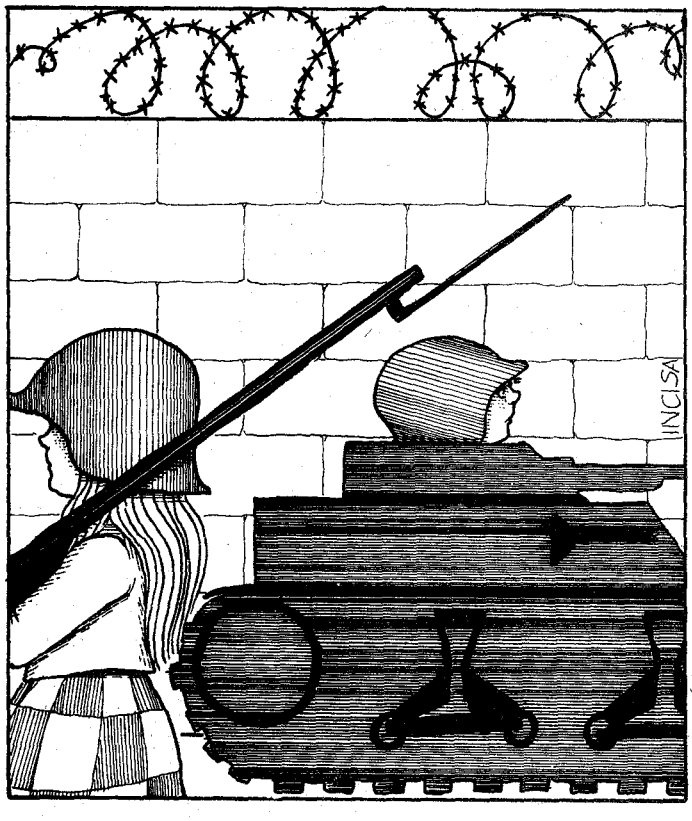
The Stasi was confident it had heard the last of the "peace friends," as the young people called themselves; they would not dare operate without church protection. But on November 14, 1982, eighty members of a newly formed group called the Jena Peace Community gathered in the city's main square to hold a minute-long silent vigil. They carried signs bearing a single word: "Peace."

That demonstration was the first of its kind in East Germany, and many passers-by could not believe their eyes. When the Stasi got wind of the group's plans to stage a second such "minute" the following month, it took precautions: on December 24, about 200 demonstrators were greeted by about three times as many police, some with cameras. The protest was aborted and in ensuing weeks police arrested about thirty participants.

Stories on the arrests appeared in the West German press, and members of the peace movement there protested vigorously. East German leaders were in a quandary: If they suppressed the independent peace demonstrators they would look like hypocrites and alienate the West German left, whose neutralist tendencies they were carefully nurturing. But if they did nothing, the demonstrators would challenge the state's control of antiwar propaganda. Western pacifists are a welcome ally for public relations purposes internationally, but at home they could hurt the army's recruitment drive and sow doubts about the official line that only NATO's weapons are dangerous. In order not to divert the West German people's attention from the scheduled missile deployments, the state finally released the prisoners in late February.

No sooner were the pacifists out of jail than they took to the streets again. In mid-March about eighty members of the Jena Peace Community joined a government-sponsored antiwar demonstration in the town, which 15,000 students and workers were required to attend. Stasi plainclothesmen attacked the pacifists, insulting them and ripping up their signs. Fearing harm to the children who accompanied them, the pacifists departed. Some 200 Jena citizens signed a letter to East German Party Secretary Erich Honecker protesting the incident, and West German journalists, especially in the leftist press, gave it full play.

Early this summer forty members of the Peace Community again joined an official demonstration. This time they were allowed to participate. Members were pleased to find that many of the 10,000 demonstrators carried signs with the same slogans they used. The general populace was now willing to express its views. Open discussions, some heated, took place between independent pacifists and officials, and one member of the Peace Community was allowed to speak to the crowd over a public address system.



DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

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In late summer Jena was tense. Police patrols were tripled in an effort to prevent spontaneous demonstrations. In factories, in schools, authorities warned citizens to keep their distance from the independent pacifists. But despite those measures and the deportations in May, opposition to militarism continues. The young people do not fear the authorities as much as they once did. As one youth exiled from Jena claimed, each deportation would enlist three young people to the cause.

Antiwar sentiment in East Germany is not confined to Jena. Similar peace organizations exist in Dresden, Schwerin, Suhl, Weimar, Cottbus and East Berlin. Young people are unwilling to accept a state that offers them material benefits but an empty ideology. They find it ironic that party officials, supposedly the vanguard of the proletariat, are the most cynical about communism and the pettiest of bourgeois. They are increasingly aware of the power they hold in a state that is buffeted by economic crises and that has a severe labor shortage. Unafraid of jail and confident that the state cannot expel them all, young East Germans will continue to raise their voice in opposition to the military buildup in Central Europe, and to their country's role in it. □

THE WEIRTON BUY-OUT

Saving Jobs, But At What Price?

DON GOLDSTEIN

In September, 7,100 workers at National Steel's plant in Weirton, West Virginia, voted to establish the nation's largest fully owned Employee Stock Ownership Plan (ESOP). The American steel industry doesn't get much good press these days, so the employee buy-out seemed like good news. Most accounts in the media extolled the cooperation between the company, its work force and the local government in successfully rescuing the faltering mill. Unfortunately, the glowing reports of the company's resurrection were premature. What happened at National's Weirton division is a typical story about a parent company that eschewed investment in steelmaking in favor of acquisitions. It is also about employees whose only choice was between losing their jobs and becoming nominal owners of a shaky, unprofitable firm facing cutthroat competition in a stagnant market.

Early last year, Weirton's employees learned that giant National Steel would shut down most operations at the mill, once considered the pre-eminent U.S. tin producer, unless they agreed to buy it. On a cold March day, National Steel's president and chairman, Howard Love, announced that no further investment would be made in the Weirton works. The plant, which represented about one-third of the company's steelmaking capacity, eked out a 1 percent profit on sales of $1 billion in 1981. Love presented his 11,500 employees three possible scenarios: National could phase out all but a portion of the finishing operation at the plant, retaining perhaps 10 percent of the full work force. The works could be sold to another company, a prospect Love portrayed as slight. Or the Weirton workers could form a company, issue stock to a trust, borrow money using the shares as collateral and purchase the mill themselves.

To the stunned employees, the alternatives offered little choice. For reasons that would become clear later, management had made no serious effort to find an outside buyer. A near-shutdown would certainly result in social catastrophe. The plant is the largest employer in Weirton, which has a population of 26,000, and in Steubenville, Ohio, a town across the Ohio River. At the time of the announcement, 2,100 jobs had already been lost to layoffs at the mill. Mortgage foreclosures, auto repossessions and boarded-up storefronts were grim facts of life. If only the finishing mill were kept open, 10,000 jobs would be lost—more than 40 percent of the area's manufacturing work force—and eventually almost as many secondary jobs due to the "ripple effect." More than one-third of the job opportunities in the entire Weirton-Steubenville metropolitan area would simply disappear. In this isolated part of the state, with a shrinking coal and steel economy, the loss of those jobs and of town revenues and services would be permanent.

Beyond the obvious economic implications, the loss of the works was psychologically unacceptable to the people. Weirton *is* Weirton Steel: town and mill have been practically synonymous since the company's founding in 1909. The first mayor, a former president of the company, was not elected until 1947; in the early years, the company paid for most city services by direct subsidy. In return it expected loyalty from its workers. In the late 1930s, organizers for the United Steel Workers were attacked by company thugs. To frustrate supporters of the Congress of Industrial Organizations who had been fired by the plant for their union activity, Weirton formed the Independent Steelworkers' Union (I.S.U.).

So began the golden age of Weirton Steel, which its founder combined with other steel-related holdings in 1929 to form National Steel. The company recognized the value of paying its workers more than the prevailing industry wage. In return the I.S.U.'s officers, whose salaries were paid by the company, never called a strike. Weirton's profitability helped National become the nation's fourth-largest steel producer; its tin-plate mill became an industry leader in quality of production, using the most advanced technology. By 1974, Weirton boasted two of the country's largest basic oxygen furnaces and a sophisticated high-volume continuous caster.

After 1974, the rosy picture darkened. For Weirton as for the entire industry, the boom years of 1973 and 1974 only temporarily interrupted a creeping decline that had begun in 1969. Even the fitful economic growth during the 1970s could not revive the sagging demand for steel in the

Don Goldstein, formerly a machinist in the steel industry, is a graduate student at the University of Pittsburgh.

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Western industrialized countries. Tin products, which accounted for half of Weirton's output, fared worse. In the key container markets, tin was rapidly overtaken by aluminum, and metal generally lost ground to glass, plastics and paper composites.

By the mid-1970s the Weirton plant was floundering. Despite its competitive market position, it faced stagnant demand and chronic excess capacity. Such discrepancies typically produce a profit squeeze, and that happened at Weirton. The labor premium became an albatross. Although the company's annual reports during the last part of the decade alternated between optimism and pessimism, National made no major investments in the mill after 1977.

When National made the decision to unload Weirton may never be known, but the company's intention to sell it to the workers was clear from the start. Less than twenty-four hours after Love's announcement, union leaders and management representatives established a joint study committee to push for employee ownership. For $560,000—most of it from the union, many of whose members soon rued the expenditure—the committee hired McKinsey & Company of New York City to study the viability of an independent Weirton.

In July of 1982, McKinsey issued a report which, underneath a veneer of optimistic rhetoric, projected a grim struggle for survival. To continue operations, Weirton would have to pump $500 million into refurbishing the decrepit plant and its equipment. Another half-billion dollars for major improvements would be required over ten years to lower production costs. Such a program was necessary, the study asserted, if Weirton was to increase its share of the market for tin. But McKinsey did not mention that this market was shrinking as a result of drastic cuts in can manufacturers' capital investment. Nor did it consider that most of the mill's tin is used to manufacture food cans, which industry analysts expect will soon be made largely of aluminum, as beverage cans are already.

In its ten-year projection, the study called for maintaining production at or near 1982 levels—with the work force reduced to 7,000. Weirton's competitiveness was further pegged to workers' acceptance of a 32 percent cut in wages and benefits, 20 percent of which would be permanent, generating about $100 million annually to cover capital expenditures. The rest was described as temporary, providing funds to pay off outside loans needed for the buy-out. Since Weirton's newly issued stock would serve as collateral for those loans, they would be held in trust and allocated to the employees gradually, as the loans were paid off. Finally, McKinsey proposed that the new firm be run by a ten-member board composed of two representatives from labor, two from management and six appointed by the firm's creditors.

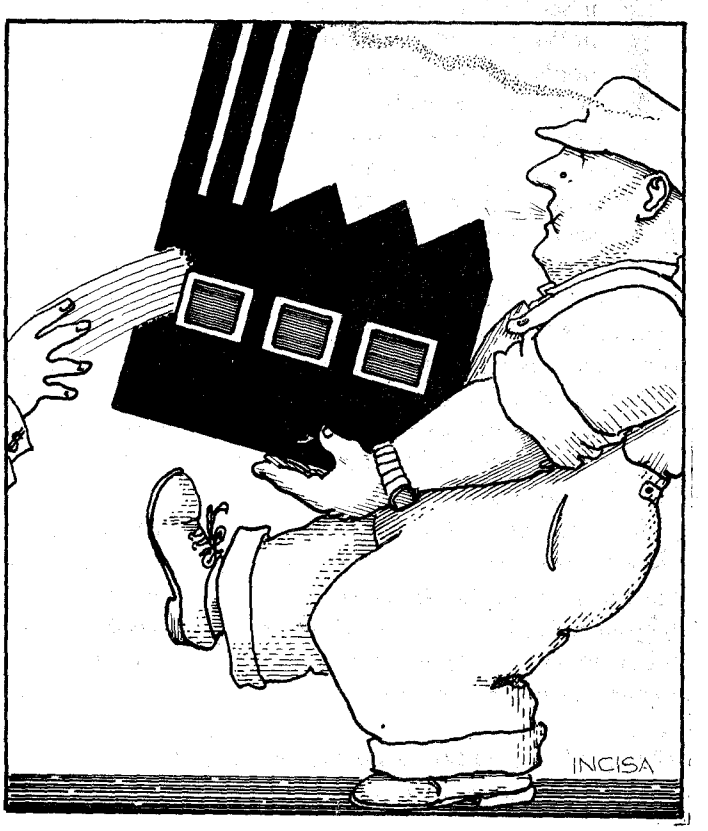
Soon after the McKinsey report came out, an analysis of National's pension commitments at Weirton revealed unfunded liabilities of more than $100 million. If the plant was shut down, that gap would jump overnight to $420 million, as many among the aging work force would become eligible for payments. *The Wall Street Journal* commented that because of Weirton's marginal profitability, capital needs and pension gap, National was unlikely to find an outside buyer. The reason behind the company's eagerness to sell to the workers then became apparent.

As it slowly choked off Weirton's capital and pension funds over the years, National Steel embarked on a remarkable but not atypical odyssey in search of more profitable ventures. The first major diversification was, not surprisingly, into aluminum in 1970. Ensuing years saw a dizzying succession of nonsteel acquisitions. National thus joined the 1970s merger wave. With profits threatened by uncertain demand and heightened international competition, it had clearly become more advantageous to invest in acquisitions than in new productive capacity.

For National, as for many other firms, the logic of this process increasingly led it away not only from steelmaking but from manufacturing itself. In 1979, National began to buy up the assets of savings and loan institutions, and in January 1980, National acquired United Financial Corporation of California. Since the economy seemed to be buoyed largely by credit and speculation, National was betting that financial services would be more lucrative than heavy industry.

By 1982 one-third of National Steel's affiliates and subsidiaries were engaged in banking, insurance or real estate. In five years, the portion of National's assets devoted to steelmaking had shrunk from 90 percent to 70 percent. Its capital spending in that area had dropped from 96 percent to 60 percent of its total. It had transformed itself from the nation's fourth-largest steelmaker to its fourth-largest savings and loan holding company.

Getting rid of Weirton, then, was a critical part of Na-



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tional's corporate strategy. But selling it to the employees proved difficult. Eager as it was for a Weirton takeover, the joint study committee was confronted by a problem-riddled mill, and National's bargaining position was weakened by its pension liabilities. To untie this knot, the committee hired Lazard Frères & Company, a New York City investment banking firm, in late 1982.

Lazard brought to Weirton its considerable experience in drawing up restructuring and austerity plans for companies and governments seeking access to capital markets. Years in the corporate merger trenches had given it experience in the most complex financial and organizational manipulations. Since 1975, Lazard had been part of a consortium of international investment bankers that restructured Gabon's foreign debt and served as the International Monetary Fund's adjunct in Zaire to insure compliance with loan conditions. It also had the benefit of senior partner Felix Rohatyn's experience as architect of New York City's Municipal Assistance Corporation (MAC), which had put together a package of cuts in services and concessions by unions that loosened creditors' purse strings and staved off municipal bankruptcy. As its man in Weirton, Lazard chose Gene Keilin, who joined the firm in 1979 after a stint as MAC's executive director.

On March 13, almost exactly a year after Howard Love announced the company's intention to wind down operations at Weirton, the union and management agreed in principle on the terms of sale. Although some fine tuning was done before the workers voted, the basic elements of the offer were that the workers would assume $192 million in liabilities and pay $194 million for the works: $72 million for the plant and equipment, about one-fifth of their book value, and the balance for inventories and raw materials.

National reluctantly assumed the role of banker, holding notes for $119 million on less than ideal terms. No principal would be repaid for five years; interest was only 10 percent and interest payments would be due only after Weirton had achieved a substantial net worth. Should the new firm go under, National would have no claim on its assets until Weirton's other creditors had been satisfied.

The workers were to pay National $75 million up front. While the notes held by National were to be repaid out of income from operations, the workers lacked sufficient cash for the down payment. Lazard Frères obligingly arranged a $120 million line of credit with Citicorp, which would cover the up-front charge, initial capital expenditures and the $5 million in fees owed to Lazard and other consultants. As collateral, the new owners would put up their mill and ESOP stock.

National also agreed to continue to be responsible for certain pension, health and insurance liabilities for current and retired workers. This was not done out of generosity: Federal law required the company to meet all existing pension obligations, either by continuing to pay benefits to workers whose pensions had vested and to those who had retired prior to the sale, or by indemnifying the new company if its own pension plan failed. Presumably, National won a higher sale price in exchange for that and its other conces-

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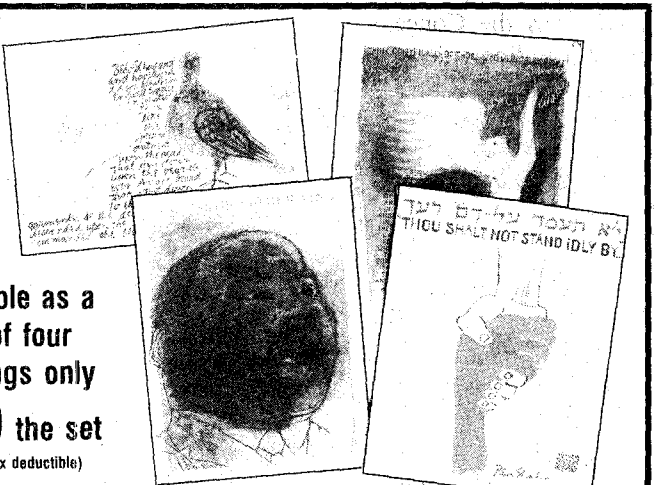

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sions, which like the stretched-out payment schedule, reduced Weirton's early cash outlay. The reduction in start-up expenses made it possible for Lazard to reduce worker concessions from the projected 32 percent to 19 percent of present wages and benefits. As an additional sweetener, National conditionally agreed to pay supplemental severance benefits if Weirton should fail within five years.

Nonetheless, many workers opposed the deal. A dissident group of rank-and-file workers waged a vigorous but unsuccessful campaign in a Federal District Court to force the study committee to obtain and release supporting data for the McKinsey report's vague statistics. Pleading "security," the consultants refused to supply the data, even though the figures were used to justify McKinsey's harsh prescriptions for saving the company. Walter Bish, president of the I.S.U., testified that neither he nor anyone on the committee took notes or kept minutes at meetings with the consultants. Thus representatives of the workers were not able to challenge the consultants' projected costs, debt and cash flow.

Apparently Lazard, rather than the joint study committee, made key decisions with National and the prospective outside lenders. The six board members who were supposed to have been named by Weirton's creditors were appointed by Lazard well before the banks had been identified. Not long after that appointment, Lazard hired former president of Copperweld Robert Loughhead as the company's new chief executive officer, before the labor and management representatives on the board had been chosen.

Another court challenge to the stock ownership plan was filed in April by several hundred employees calling themselves the Concerned Steelworkers. They asked that the impending sale be considered a shutdown of the existing firm, obligating National to pay severance benefits to senior employees. Many older workers understandably had little interest in staying on at a plant where speedups and cutbacks would be the norm, and they wanted to retire with full benefits. A decision on the workers' suit is imminent, but it is unlikely to go in their favor.

Despite rumblings of dissatisfaction among some of the workers, the deal moved toward completion. Another piece fell into place when the Environmental Protection Agency granted Weirton "bubble" status, allowing it to average emissions measurements from several spots rather than base its calculations on the worst sites, thus reducing its pollution control requirements. Governor Jay Rockefeller signed a bill cutting the mill's annual state taxes by $450,000 if the sale would come to pass. In late August the final sale documents were made public, and Weirton's workers were given until September 23 to consider their all-or-nothing choice.

The Weirton buy-out may be seen as an example in microcosm of how Felix Rohatyn's proposed Reconstruction Finance Corporation would work. Lazard Frères used equity capital as a lever to enforce layoffs, concessions, modernization, deregulation and reorganization under bankers' control. A government financing body with access to Federal funds, the R.F.C. would do likewise on the national level, overseeing the streamlining of depressed sectors of American industry. The technocrats of the investment banking community would use such an agency to create new opportunities for profitable investment.

What kind of an "employee-owned" company will Weirton be? The major impact of ESOP on the workers—aside from a chance to save their jobs—may be continuing deterioration in their wages, benefits and working conditions. Their pay will be frozen at the reduced level for six years. Any increases would release National from its guarantee to pay benefits in the event of a shutdown; strikes are also forbidden. To make matters worse, for the first five years the board members handpicked by Lazard Frères will choose their own successors. In return for its financial aid, Citicorp placed numerous other restrictions on Weirton's operations, involving dividend declarations, disposition of assets and additional financing.

After five years employees will elect the board of directors, but this is unlikely to bring any significant measure of workplace democracy. Shares will be apportioned according to salary, meaning that hourly workers—more vulnerable to injury and layoff—will accumulate the least number of votes and those in managerial and supervisory positions the most. Any success for the fledgling firm will create strong financial incentives for workers to sell their shares; in that event, voting power will undoubtedly gravitate to the types of stockholders that usually control corporations. Because of the high risk of failure and the potential benefits of profitability, workers will be hard pressed to resist future demands for further concessions.

Thus for the new owners the Weirton deal means even greater vulnerability to the ups and downs of the troubled steel industry. For the upper Ohio Valley, it remains to be seen whether this investment bankers' ESOP will produce a new equilibrium—fewer, nastier jobs, but at least jobs—or whether it will be only a toehold on a precipitous descent. □

Biological Warfare

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

antibiotic resistance of existing B.W. agents, or even to make harmless bugs lethal—all possible applications. Numerous readily available microbes are sufficiently deadly for biological warfare. Rather, the major thrust of the current research is to develop vaccines that will protect U.S. or allied troops and populations against biological agents that might be used by the enemy or by U.S. forces. The main deterrent to germ warfare today is the fear of retaliation; therefore, if fail-safe vaccines against microbes could be developed, the use of biological agents would become a military option. According to Dr. Richard Goldstein, a professor at Harvard Medical School, "The key is vaccination. . . . [With recombinant DNA technology] you can

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make a vaccine against anything, and if you have a vaccine, it makes use of these weapons more feasible."

In scores of laboratories, D.O.D.-financed researchers are seeking vaccines against the deadliest potential B.W. agents, including those that cause Rift Valley Fever, dengue-2 ("breakbone fever"), anthrax and rickettsia ("Q-fever"). Military spokesmen freely acknowledge that the research on hybridoma and recombinant DNA technologies will be expanded. According to the National Science Foundation, expenditures on all biological research by the Defense Department have increased 54 percent since 1980, reaching $100 million in 1983.

After recombinant DNA technology has created a new or better vaccine, hybridoma technology can purify the vaccine faster and more efficiently than earlier methods could. The vaccine can then be mass-produced. The next step is mass inoculation. Here a problem arises. U.S. troops are routinely innoculated for a wide variety of diseases, and even large-scale civilian vaccination is nothing new (the most recent, during the swine-flu epidemic in 1976). However, mass vaccination for rare or exotic diseases would touch off a public furor, so the Army apparently has another idea. It is studying the effectiveness of aerosol immunization, in which the vaccine, against such potential B.W. agents as anthrax and tularemia, is inhaled rather than swallowed or taken by injection.

The Army describes its aerosol-vaccination research as routine. According to the 1980 "Annual Report on Chemical Warfare and Biological Research Programs" it presented to Congress, studies are targeted toward "stimulating protective immunity on mucosal surfaces throughout the respiratory tract." Theoretically, aerosol vaccines would make oral and nasal passages resistant to specific germs, which would die or become benign upon touching the mucous membranes. But Girish Vyas, a leading immunologist at the University of California at San Francisco, told me, "There is no published, scientific evidence that such local stimulation is practical or beneficial."

Although aerosol vaccines have produced immunity, they are much more dangerous and less effective than standard methods. They are more likely to spread disease, the result of releasing germs into the air. Then why is the D.O.D. even considering aerosols? The answer is that they could be used clandestinely. An entire civilian population could be covertly innoculated against B.W. agents by spraying a vaccine over wide areas.

In the 1950s, the Army sprayed "simulants"—supposedly innocuous germs—over 117 square miles of the San Francisco Bay area to test this technique's feasibility in biological warfare. Similar tests were conducted in the New York City subways [see Leonard A. Cole, "The Army's Secret Germ-War Testing," *The Nation*, October 23, 1982]. Details of the experiment were not revealed until the late 1970s, so millions of unwitting civilians had been exposed to the germs without knowing it. Some may have suffered adverse effects.

It is highly unlikely that the D.O.D.'s current aerosol research is for civilian defense purposes, since the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) and the Department of Health and Human Services, rather than the military, are responsible for protecting civilians against chemical and biological warfare (C.B.W.). FEMA does not consider it "a major strategic threat to the U.S. population at this time," and therefore does not even have a program to deal with it. Neither agency is conducting research on vaccination against biological agents; nor, say their spokesmen, has either agency ever asked the D.O.D. for assistance.

Although the idea of covert mass vaccination may seem farfetched, the stuff of science fiction, the Army disagrees. As long ago as 1963, an article in the Army's *Military Medicine* noted that "a plan for large-scale immunoprophylaxis of the civilian population should be prepared. This would include standby legislation for compulsory immunization if required." A separate article cites aerosol vaccination as a means to accomplish that goal.

The Defensive-Offensive Tautology

Although the 1972 B.W. treaty makes a distinction between "defensive" and "offensive" research, even the military acknowledges that the difference is extremely hazy. Last year, Col. Richard Barquist, who heads the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases, where most B.W. defense research is conducted, told the Associated Press, "As far as [recombinant DNA] research goes, there's no difference [between offense and defense]. But the U.S. is out of the BW business. What we don't do are mass cultures or deliverable weapons systems."

Although it is true that actual B.W. agents and missiles are not being manufactured in the United States, the Army's annual C.B.W. reports indicate that extensive research is being carried out on nearly every aspect of biological warfare, from the lethality of various germs to the efficacy of different delivery systems.

Indeed, almost any kind of vaccine research, however humanitarian its objectives, produces knowledge that can be used in offensive B.W. research—including the development of new germs. According to the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute's (SIPRI) definitive study on chemical and biological warfare, "The typical vaccine plant is inadequate for the production of a fully military capability, [but] it would be adequate for the production of quantities [of biological warfare agents] required for a sabotage attack. . . . Some common forms of vaccine production are very close technically to production of CBW agents and so offer easy opportunities for conversion." SIPRI finds little difference between offensive and defensive C.B.W. research.

By coming perilously close to authorizing the production of binary nerve gas in October, Congress has provoked serious questions about another aspect of military DNA research. At least six experiments are being conducted to clone the gene that regulates the body's production of acetylcholinesterase, an enzyme which is essential to the transmission of neural impulses. Nerve gases block the action of this substance, causing a total breakdown of nerve function followed by agonizing muscle paralysis, respiratory failure and death. Only tiny quantities of the enzyme are present in the body.

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Cloning the acetylcholinesterase gene would be the first step toward developing a reliable antidote to nerve gases. Such an antidote could be considered defensive in purpose, but it would also eliminate the main inhibition to the use of nerve gas in warfare: the fear of retaliation.

Of possibly greater immediate danger are the substances classified as toxins. Vastly more potent than nerve gases, these poisons, such as the micotoxins derived from fungi and detected in "yellow rain," are also banned by the 1972 B.W. treaty. The treaty defines toxins as inert substances created by "living organisms"; advances in recombinant DNA technology, however, have rendered that definition ambiguous because it is now possible to synthesize toxins. Cells containing the enzymes essential to produce the toxins can be cloned within a prolific bacterial strain. The cells can then be broken open and the enzymes extracted, using a biochemical purification process. The raw materials from which toxins derive can then be placed in a test tube with the enzymes, which will act on them, allowing the creation of toxins without a living organism.

Toxins might also be created in the laboratory using new chemical building-block techniques. Substances are "built" by taking the appropriate amino acids—the substances which form all proteins—and attaching them in the proper sequence. Although toxins are made up of highly complex molecules, their synthesis may soon become possible.

An unclassified portion of a 1981 report prepared by scientists at the Army's Dugway Proving Ground, a site in the Utah desert where much C.B.W. research and testing have been conducted, states, "A more feasible use of DNA than the creation of new pathogens is the cheap manufacture of toxins. This is because toxins could probably be manufactured by newly created bacterial strains under controlled laboratory conditions."

Thus, not only are synthetic toxins not covered by the treaty, they are cheap—a virtue that should appeal to military men as maximally cost effective.

Nothing to Hide

Defense officials frequently point to the unclassified nature of B.W. research, including work with recombinant DNA, as evidence that it does not violate the 1972 B.W. treaty. Many leading scientists accept that rationale. Yet in a recent interview, Col. Robert Orton, chief of the Army's Nuclear-Biological-Chemical Defense Division, drew a distinction between a generalized program, such as vaccine development, and a "specific vulnerability." As for the former, he said, "We don't classify any of that. It's when you get into something that might identify a specific vulnerability of a member of the U.S. forces or of the U.S. forces in larger scale, to something a potential enemy might use, then we would classify it." Translated from Army jargon: Any militarily useful advance will be kept secret.

In 1981, the Department of Defense made an effort to allay the public's fears about the potential dangers of gene-splicing. It designated the office of Dr. William R. Beisel, deputy for science at the Army's Infectious Disease Institute, as the official repository of reports on all military-related recombinant DNA research. Findings were to be kept in an open file. In response to my requests for information on all current projects, Beisel provided two supposedly complete lists, one in February of this year and the other in September. On the first list there were sixteen projects and on the second there were thirty-seven.

Drawing on a variety of other sources and on material obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, I discovered that Beisel's first list was grossly incomplete. The second was better, but it still omitted at least six studies. Such omissions violate stated D.O.D. policy. Among the studies not included in Beisel's lists is one on manipulation of diphtherial toxin conducted by the Uniformed Services University. Moreover, none of the advanced biotechnology work being done by the Navy—including more than a dozen gene-splicing studies and numerous hybridoma studies—appears in the Navy's annual C.B.W. reports, an apparent violation of Federal law.

There are two possible and equally frightening explanations for these discrepancies: The D.O.D. has a serious bureaucratic problem (it defines C.B.W. work unclearly or it has lost administrative control over these technologies). Or the D.O.D. deliberately attempted to cover up the range, depth or intent of the experiments.

The Soviet Bugaboo

Perhaps the most telling reason to suspect a cover-up is that the D.O.D. fears the Soviet Union is conducting similar C.B.W. research. Documents I have obtained under the Freedom of Information Act reveal that, correctly or not, the United States believes the Russians are making a major effort to utilize genetic engineering techniques in developing biological warfare agents.

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A 1979 report prepared by the Army's Foreign Science and Technology Center, for example, cites statements by a Soviet émigré named Mark Popovskiy in support of that belief. According to the heavily censored document:

> Some may doubt the truth of Popovskiy's statements, but all are supported, to a remarkable degree, by information from other sources. . . . His remarks on [Soviet Academy of Sciences Vice President Yu. A.] Ovchinnikov's role in pushing GE [genetic engineering] techniques for the development of BW agents are backed by [censored] and possibly by the unusually large orders for biocontained ultracentrifuges, etc. There is not a single statement made by Popovskiy that can not be corroborated by some other source.

The report continues: "There may also be doubts about the efficacy of recombinant DNA techniques for producing more effective pathogenic organisms for BW use [six lines censored]. It would have been hard to predict 10 years ago the startling results achieved to date by these techniques."

Given the U.S. military's desire to achieve superiority over the Soviet Union in every area of military preparedness, the prospect of the enemy's taking the lead could have injected new urgency into the biotechnology program. It may not be coincidental that the D.O.D. first publicly acknowledged its B.W. defense gene-splicing program shortly after the Army's report on Soviet work was prepared.

A Porous Treaty

The primary impetus behind the D.O.D.'s description of its gene-splicing research as defensive in nature is the 1972 B.W. convention. Most nations of the world, including all the major powers, are parties to the treaty, which is generally presumed to bar the development of offensive biological agents. But this treaty is riddled with loopholes, one of which is the ambiguous definition of "toxin," mentioned earlier.

The treaty permits signatories to maintain agents for "prophylactic" or "protective" purposes, but leaves to each nation the task of deciding how large a stockpile it needs. As the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency's spokesman wrote in a letter to the National Institutes of Health's Office of Recombinant DNA Activities (ORDA), which oversees all gene-splicing research in America, "Laboratory quantities of certain [B.W.] agents and toxins might well be required for research and testing." He was careful to point out that these substances are not intended for "defensive warfare, retaliation or deterrence."

Nonetheless, according to Harvard's Dr. Goldstein, even minute amounts are suitable for sabotage, so existing stocks could be considered a deterrent. When my F.O.I.A. request for information on the quantities of B.W. agents held at Fort Detrick, Maryland, was rejected, Army spokesman Lawrence Ware explained that terrorists might be enticed to steal the samples if that data was made public. I found that rationale unconvincing, given the extreme virulence of many B.W. agents. Since in some cases as few as ten bacteria can cause an infection and a single drop of virus may contain a trillion live organisms, terrorists could achieve their purposes with almost any quantity they found, should they choose to raid a heavily guarded Army lab in the first place.

While "development" of biological and toxin weapons is prohibited by the treaty, "research" on such weapons is not. The terms are not defined, so the signatory nations define them for themselves. The Reagan Administration interprets "research" to exclude work on new *offensive* agents. What's more, the treaty does not prohibit nations from exporting the results of their research to nonsignatory nations for actual development. The Soviet Union has been accused of providing Vietnam with the know-how for its alleged "yellow rain" attacks.

The convention contains no mechanism for verifying compliance, and there are no U.S. laws prohibiting the development of new or "improved" weapons by industry or academia. Historically, major C.B.W. developments, including nerve and mustard gases, have been the direct result of research from those quarters. The D.O.D. currently has two biotechnology contracts with private companies, and more are expected to be awarded.

At least some of the gene-splicing research projects I have described, if carried to the development stage, would constitute violations of the 1972 treaty. If detected, they would cause widespread protests in this country and abroad, and throw into question the United States' adherence to any future treaty. The result would be a severe blow to the prospect of banning biological warfare, and to arms control in general. But treaties can be violated secretly, or evaded by the export of B.W. technology to nonsignatory nations.

Even when B.W. use is suspected, such as the "yellow rain" case, noncompliance is difficult to prove. That is because of the unique nature of most B.W. agents, which break down or dissipate into the environment after use and are often indistinguishable from indigenous microorganisms or toxins. Of course, if the Pentagon could prove conclusively that the Russians were using recombinant DNA or other biotechnologies to develop offensive B.W. agents, the Administration could justify an all-out race to "catch up"—as it has done with nerve gas.

In any case, nations have often violated or seriously considered violating C.B.W. treaties when they have what they deem compelling reasons. In 1944, Prime Minister Winston Churchill came close to drenching Germany in poison gas. In 1936, in direct violation of a Geneva protocol prohibiting chemical and biological warfare, the Italians used mustard gas during their invasion of Ethiopia. The gas was extremely effective against the primitively equipped and trained Ethiopians (there were 15,000 casualties), and new methods of disseminating the gas, unavailable when Italy ratified the Geneva accord in 1928, provided an added incentive.

Similarly, the application of gene-splicing and hybridoma technologies to this kind of warfare did not become known until years after the 1972 treaty was signed. According to SIPRI's 1973 analysis, "If such 1990s-type biological weapons already existed in 1972, the BW convention would surely not have been signed then; and just as there might have been strong military pressure in 1972 against accepting biological disarmament under such circumstances, so may

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there be strong military pressure in the 1990s to abrogate the 1972 convention."

A Lack of Oversight

Clearly, international law is inadequate to curb biological warfare in general, and the use of gene-splicing to that end in particular. What about U.S. law? Recombinant DNA work in this country is regulated by the National Institutes of Health; compliance with its guidelines is mandatory for projects it funds but voluntary for the military and private industry. The guidelines, administered by the Office of Recombinant DNA Activities, are commonly thought to eliminate virtually all risks associated with the gene-splicing process.

But Robert L. Sinsheimer, chancellor of the University of California at Santa Cruz and a biophysicist who played a key role in developing the N.I.H. guidelines in 1975, fears that a series of revisions since then have irrevocably weakened them. "I think they've been diluted to a point where they're almost meaningless," he told me.

The degree of protection the guidelines can provide depends on the effectiveness of the oversight. The vast majority of recombinant DNA experiments are supervised by local institutional biosafety committees (there is one at each research facility registered with ORDA). A committee must have at least five members, and at least two of those must not be affiliated with the institution they supervise. A Recombinant DNA Advisory Committee (RAC) of leading scientists evaluates the most potentially dangerous or novel ideas and reports the results to ORDA. But neither ORDA nor RAC is required to review the decisions of the local biosafety committees.

The Defense Department says its policy is to comply fully with the N.I.H. guidelines, but that is open to question. By chance, I learned recently of a serious violation by the Army. According to Army records, the Illinois Institute of Technology conducted gene-splicing research on nerve gas detoxification throughout 1982 without registering a local committee with ORDA (it finally did so in October 1983).

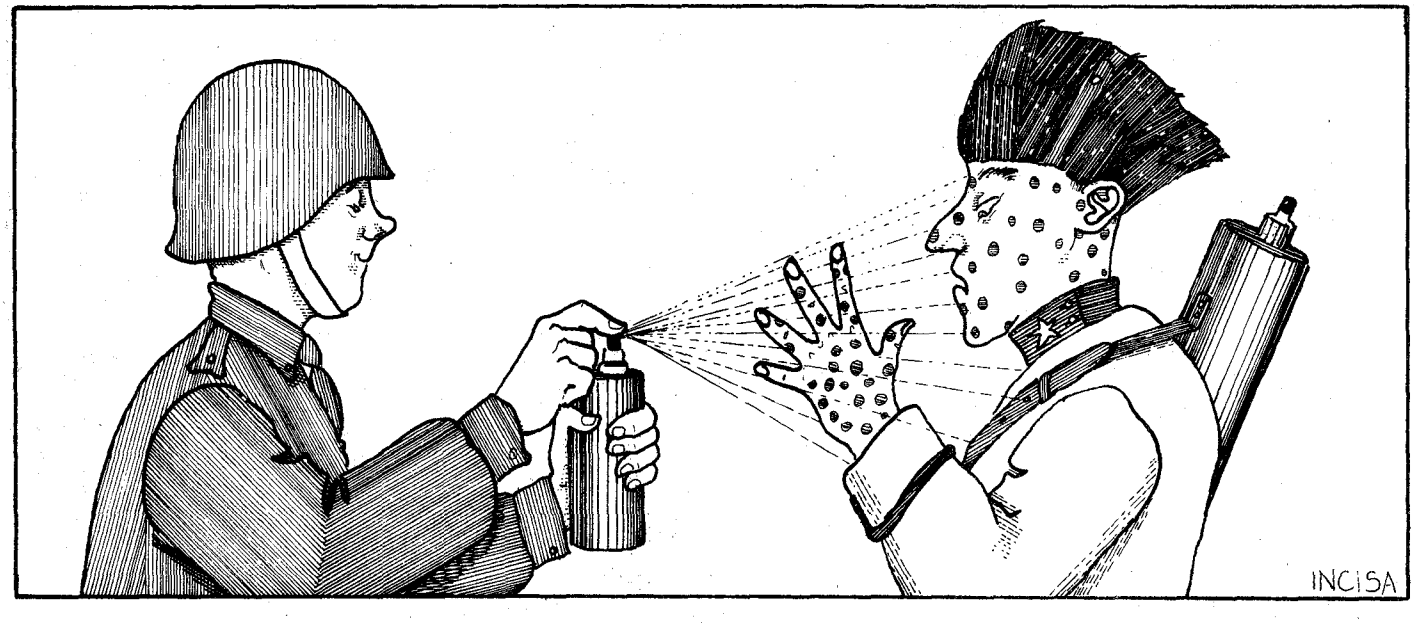
In July 1982, a heated debate broke out within RAC. Committee members Goldstein and Richard Novick of New York's Public Health Research Institute sought an amendment to the guidelines, prohibiting "the construction of biological weapons by molecular cloning." The proposal was rejected by the rest of the committee on the grounds that the 1972 convention was already sufficiently broad to cover that activity.

Yet William Gartland, director of ORDA, says his agency has never provided RAC with the Defense Department's annual C.B.W. reports—the only up-to-date public record of the military's activities in the field. To Goldstein, who left RAC in 1982, this is a serious sin of omission. "How can they [RAC] make an intelligent decision," he asks, "if they don't know what's going on?" In its entire history, the committee has reviewed only one proposal for military research.

In October 1982, RAC approved Harvard University's proposal to clone the diphtherial toxin gene. Goldstein's concerns seem to gain credence upon reading the minutes of that meeting. The committee dealt exclusively with the question of whether such an experiment could be conducted safely, ignoring diphtheria toxin's potential use in biological warfare and the implications of the experiment for the treaty.

The lack of proper oversight raises a more dangerous possibility—that the D.O.D. is concealing research with offensive applications by devising related but more politically palatable research goals.

A more vigilant eye on D.O.D. efforts in this emerging field is thus badly needed. If the work is wholly defensive—and in today's world some defense against C.B.W. attack is justifiable—then placing all research under the direct control of the N.I.H. would be a first step toward insuring that it stays defensive, of high quality and out of the D.O.D.'s mischievous hands. But the only effective way to halt research in biological warfare is to replace each nation's weapons apparatus with internationally-sponsored and supervised defense laboratories. Only this will end the threat posed by chemical and biological warfare. □



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LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 586*)

now seems to be bashing anticommunists and mashing them into one shapeless, stinking mass. The only memorable information this reader has gleaned recently is that if you think there was any significant difference between Walter Reuther and J. Edgar Hoover, or between Norman Thomas and John Foster Dulles, or between Arthur Schlesinger Jr. or Richard Wright and Westbrook Pegler or William Buckley, you are a cold war liberal and do not deserve admittance to decent progressive circles.

And, of course, every progressive American knows that Julius Rosenberg couldn't possibly have been guilty because American Communists never spied. Or if they had spied, they didn't after Klaus Fuchs had made further espionage unnecessary. Or if they still did, after Fuchs their spying was all quite harmless and irrelevant. Besides, whatever they did was motivated by love of humanity and equality, and in any event, they were a lot less guilty than their prosecutors. From which it follows that it was the U.A.W. and the A.D.A. and the A.C.L.U. and the A.V.C. who betrayed the American left by excluding Communists from their leadership. And if you don't agree, may the name of Lech Walesa turn to hydrochloric acid in your mouth—you're not fit to utter it!

Oh, if only we could recapture that idyllic spirit of the early 1930s, when everybody sang "Solidarity Forever" and "Union Maid" (instead of "Gulag! Gulag!"), supported the Lincoln Brigade and the Scottsboro boys, and when people wrote books and plays like *In Dubious Battle* and *Waiting for Lefty*! If only the antifascists would forget about the sellout of the Spanish Loyalists, the Moscow trials, the invasion of Finland, the nonaggression pact and Poland. If only unionists and blacks would forget that the American Communists betrayed them in every pinch in the name of a loftier vision. If only they understood that when Hitler invaded the Soviet Union it was time for all true progressives to pitch woo with yesterday's enemies and stop making waves.

Maybe I got that all wrong—I was only a kid myself. I did not put it all together until I was nearly 18, when the 1948 putsch in Czechoslovakia fixed me permanently among the unforgiving. Decade after decade, the flow of refugees confirms me in my error. No matter what I might do or say—even about things in this country that Andrew Kopkind and I might agree are evil—I will always be a cold war liberal. That's something I'll just have to live with, but what I want to know is:

(1) What qualifies you to piss on the graves of Richard Wright, Ignazio Silone, Arthur Koestler and others, and offhandedly dismiss *The God That Failed* as a third-rate fairy tale?

(2) When *did* it become unacceptable to be anticommunist?

(3) Which communists is it O.K. to be anti?

(4) How anticommunist is it O.K. to be, or does that depend on how anti-anticommunist you are?

(5) How long can you drive in both directions down the same street before you crash into yourself?

If a faint undercurrent of bitterness has eluded my efforts at concealment, I hope it will not be misinterpreted. I do not think I have been right about every major political issue since the spring of 1948, nor do I think that everybody who didn't agree with me when I *was* right (as I now think) is an unredeemable moral monster. Above all, I even forgive those who were right when I was wrong (as I now think). This protest is not a recrimination; it is a plea.

I request that *The Nation* get back to concentrating its energies on today and tomorrow. Many things are happening that we need to know about— and I know I won't find them discussed in *The New York Times* or *Newsweek*. I expect *The Nation* not only to tell me about them but to relate them to a better understanding of where we are, how we might get from here to some better place and what that place might be like.

I do not argue that the past should be buried and forgotten. But it is not helpful to turn every examination of or reference to the past into an attempt to prove that everybody who did not hew a certain line at a certain time was either a dupe or a duplicate of Joe McCarthy, and is therefore a knave and a coward. (Nor should *The Nation* forget that the ad hominem sword has two edges.)

We are fast approaching a turning point in American politics. The relationship between military and foreign policies and economic and social policies is becoming more and more painful to a lot of people, and the cause of this pain is becoming increasingly apparent to them. Now that the Administration has grudgingly adopted much of the "bilateral freeze" rhetoric, more Americans might begin to realize that we do not need Russia's permission to adopt saner policies for ourselves. It is not unlikely that our politics will begin to reflect some understanding that full employment would make us stronger in the world as well as happier at home.

It would be pathetic if, instead of scouting the territory ahead and shedding light on new roads, *The Nation* simply locks itself in the attic and obsessively thrashes among thirty-year-old ghosts with a faintly flickering and rather foul-smelling candle.

Andrew E. Norman

ANOTHER 'ARKANSAS EXPERIENCE'

Deer Creek, Okla.

I have just read Amy Singer's article on James Dean Walker ["Who's Afraid of Habeas Corpus?" *The Nation*, Oct. 22], and would like to make a few comments.

On October 29, Walker was transferred out of Arkansas to the Federal Reformatory in El Reno, Oklahoma, where he will be processed and evaluated by the Federal Bureau of Prisons. Based on that assessment he will be reassigned to another Federal institution—a long way from Arkansas if he is lucky.

There is much to be learned from Walker's experience. It is highly unlikely that he committed the crime for which he stands convicted. That, of course, is an issue that has never been satisfactorily resolved. Another continuing issue is the persecution of Walker. The Arkansas parole board is not noted for its courage or wisdom. When confronted with battalions of lawmen in uniform, the board consistently rejected clemency for Walker. Such vindictiveness is characteristic of Arkansas's government.

I can attest to the tenacity with which the "Arkansas experience" tends to haunt one ad infinitum. More than fifteen years ago I was run out of the state for exposing murder in its prison system. I've never been able to get another prison job. As Chainsaw Jack used to say, "Them Arkies are tough; they'll get you eventually." But for some folks, such as Walker, impossible odds tend to enhance the determination to "dream the impossible dream" and to defeat the "unbeatable foe."

For fifteen years I've tried with about as much success as Walker to pursue justice. All that time the American Civil Liberties Union has been strangely silent. Its self-appointed guardians of our liberty refused to defend me during my expulsion from Arkansas. The executive director of the A.C.L.U. in Arkansas admits that inmates were murdered, and probably still are, out in that mule pasture known as Camp 5. But the A.C.L.U. professes to be more interested in the living, and in such matters as whether an inmate can have access to a notary public twenty-four hours a day.

Getting Walker out of Arkansas is a significant step forward. A pardon and an admission that the State made a mistake nearly twenty years ago in his case would be more impressive. However, I suspect Walker is about as likely to get out of prison (as an inmate) as I am to get into one (as a warden).

So, Walker will continue to write petitions, seek support from friends and sympathizers and pray for relief from injustice. Me? Well, I'll just sit here cutting up firewood for my stove, taking care of my ducks and writing an article from time to time.

Tom Murton

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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Latin America: A Political Guide.
An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin American correspondent.

A Letter to America.
The Nation January Inauguration issue was devoted entirely to E.P. Thompson's compelling essay on the clear and present danger of nuclear war.

Intervention.
Under what conditions, if any, is military (or other) intervention ever justified? An entire issue of *The Nation* on the subject of intervention contains the papers presented at a Conference on Intervention, co-sponsored by *The Nation* and the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

END and the "Peace Offensive."
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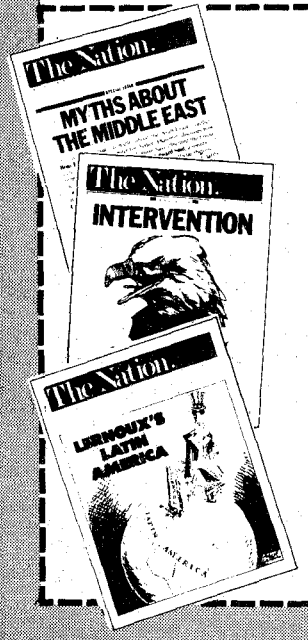

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Of Heroes and Hapsburgs

ANTHONY HEILBUT

THE RADETZKY MARCH. *By Joseph Roth. The Overlook Press. 319 pp. $22.50. Paper $7.95.*

The Radetzky March is as singular today as when it was first published in 1932: a passionate homage to the Hapsburg monarchy composed by a Galician Jew. The current revival of interest in Austrian émigré writers has led to new editions of work by Robert Musil, Hermann Broch and Stefan Zweig. Joseph Roth is not like any of them; in fact, he is so willfully perverse that he frequently contradicts his own idiosyncratic self. But for two reasons he may be more accessible to modern readers. For one thing, his style is a model of German prose emancipated from the ponderous abstractions and discursive interludes that American readers consider—not always fairly—insurmountable obstacles. Roth is a master of imagery: his characters live in images while those of Broch or Musil dwell largely in thought. For another, his concerns are often, though not always, surprisingly contemporary. He was an early opponent of Stalinism, disillusioned almost a decade before disillusion was fashionable. It's a literary-historical Chinese box: as Roth alternately demystified and invented history, so we can read him alert to the multiple historical ironies surrounding his career.

The scholar Frank Trommler says that Roth would have approved of such a reading, glad for the attention and willing to be regarded as a historical object. A photograph of Roth reveals a man peculiarly of his times: with his little head, his large eyes, his Nolde-like slashes of eyebrow, he could have been sent over from central casting as a model of the exiled intellectual, too wily to be dumbfounded, too stunned to be blasé. Despite his short life (1894-1939), he was the most peripatetic of émigré writers. Born in Galicia, he served in the Austro-Hungarian Army during World War I. Afterward he worked as a journalist, first in Vienna, then in Berlin. An early and ardent radical, Roth championed the New Objectivity, with its conviction that technological breakthroughs would facilitate political liberation. In 1926, he visited the Soviet Union. He returned totally disabused of his radical confidence, and announced as much in his novel *Flight Without End* (1927). Never again would his work exhibit a unity of experimental style and radical perspective. Thus the Roth prose that strikes us as most modern tends to depict values that appear little short of reactionary.

Gradually he evolved an unlikely amalgam of Trotskyism, philo-Catholicism and nostalgia for the Hapsburg monarchy. Other lapsed Marxists have wound up in strange places; Roth's distinction is that he seemed to believe several contradictory things at once. Always bitterly opposed to fascism, he quit Germany in January 1933 and lived out the decade as the doyen of émigré intellectuals in Paris. There he became a gymnast of paradoxes: his talk about Marxism employed metaphysical tropes, while when he spoke about Catholicism he plunged into the practical and quotidian. During his last years, Roth turned so much against modernism that he vigorously condemned Hollywood movies for blurring the masses' already scrambled consciousness. Yet Roth wanted some myth to sustain the crowd. *The Radetzky March* may be his masterpiece because the myth he discovers is embracing enough to console its previously unconsolable author. (He needed help—as he writes about his hero, "He was like a man who had lost not only his home but also his homesickness for it.") From the initial description of the "safety" soldiers feel in their lieutenant's presence, Roth is in pursuit of protection. Using unconventional means, he finds it in the commonplace—the soil, which means a Fatherland, which means a Father: Emperor Franz Joseph a.k.a. the King of Jerusalem.

Roth likes his characters to be naïve, if not dumb, the better to bombard their thoughtless minds with images. Like Tolstoy, he swoons before displays of peasant piety; he determines to find the simple and true in what most of his peers would consider extreme banality. A typical Roth joke is to make his characters' salvation coincident with the redemption of clichés. One example: his hero, Lieut. Carl Joseph von Trotta, falls into debt, and his valet offers him his life savings. Carl Joseph is embarrassed by the action, particularly because it seems so *kitschig*: that's the way servants act in novels. Roth makes one of his rare narrative intrusions to scold the Lieutenant: he knows little about life so he doesn't know how much truth resides in "bad books." Roth's coup is to write a good book that ought to have been a bad one.

The Radetzky March, in keeping with the Strauss composition of that name, celebrates three generations of Austro-Hungarian patriots in the half-century leading up to World War I. The first Lieutenant Trotta is a former peasant who enters the military. He becomes "the hero of Solferino" when, quite by accident, he takes a bullet that might have killed Emperor Franz Joseph. His unwitting sacrifice earns him a baronetcy. (He has enough integrity, however, to object loudly—all the way to the Emperor himself—when school texts endow him with foresight. At once, Roth is having it both ways: ridiculing the phony heroism manufactured in books while applauding Trotta's act precisely for being mindless and contingent.) Trotta's son, known by his title of District Commander, and his grandson Carl Joseph, a professional soldier, spend their lives basking in Trotta's fame but aware that they are not up to his standard of devotion or courage.

Carl Joseph is bivouacked with troops at the outposts of the empire, first in Moravia, then on the Polish border with Russia. His life is tedious and his consciousness limited: as his mistress observes, he is an unhappy man whose grief has not taught him a thing. Yet this *dummkopf* is capable of feeling an abundance of sensations. Roth's gift for sensuous description, free of commentary or inflection, allows the reader to share a soldier's pleasures: the heft of swords, the gleam of helmets, the smell of new wool, the womblike snugness of a well-lit military barracks. From solitary bliss, Carl Joseph moves to fellow feeling for his comrades. His best friend is an intellectual Jew, Dr. Max Demant (he too regrets the distance from his

Anthony Heilbut is the author of The Gospel Sound *(Simon and Schuster) and* Exiled in Paradise *(Viking), a study of refugee artists and intellectuals in America.*

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peasant grandfather). With typical thoughtlessness, Carl Joseph precipitates a duel that will involve Demant, a man totally unequipped for such contests. While both men recognize Trotta's folly, they still enjoy walking together—"both would have liked to continue forever along this road." Only by embracing the morally clumsy Carl Joseph is Demant able to regain the spirit of his ancestors: "Pity overwhelmed the doctor's heart and love's thousand flickering tongues sprang up in him." A continuum from sensuous detail to redemptive epiphany is Roth's signature.

History catches up with the Trottas, and the novel's last pages are filled with astonishing events. Roth provides an imperial benediction as the Emperor appears and turns out to be the physical twin of the District Commander. He is at once the father of all his peoples—Roth emphasizes the devotion of his Jewish subjects—and a compassionate ironist, aware that his empire will terminate with his life. (The superior ironist, Roth understands that the empire really dies with the Trottas.) When his son gets badly in debt, the District Commander learns how hard it is to be both helpless and dignified: the insight drives him crazy, and with insane gumption he beseeches the Emperor to rescue his son. Likewise, after supervising the massacre of a band of striking workers, Carl Joseph suffers a breakdown and retires from the Army. He becomes an estate manager, living among the peasants, sharing their religious faith. Recommissioned, he proceeds to act as heroically and mindlessly as a figure out of Christian fable. Coming across three hanging corpses—two of them swing around the third "like dumb clappers in a soundless bell"—he cuts the bodies down and buries them in a churchyard. Later, when his troops demand water in the midst of battle, he goes to a well where, to the inaudible strains of the Radetzky March, he is shot down by a sniper. This is not the heroism of professional soldiers, but it is rooted in the simple decencies that Roth affirms. Carl Joseph's sacrifice recalls an earlier moment when "in the space of a single swift second the facility of seeing in images descended upon him, so that, exalted, he saw the ages roll toward each other like two rocks, and he himself . . . was crushed between them." It is characteristic of Roth to merge fatal prophecy, spiritual fulfillment and sensuous perception. Like a

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November

6

1945–HUAC begins an investigation of seven radio commentators. HUAC spokesperson: "The time has come to determine how far you can go with free speech."

1968–At an RMN victory party, advance man J. Roy Goodearle: "Why don't we get all the members of the press and beat them up? I'm tired of being nice to them."

1976–Disclosure of Operation Shamrock: since 1947, RCA Global, ITT World and Western Union International have made international telegraph traffic available to the NSA.

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caterpillar, Carl Joseph dies into himself.

The writer Walter Mehring reports that Roth's funeral was a predictably confused event. Eulogies were offered by a Catholic priest who had converted from Judaism and by an emissary of the deposed Austrian monarchy. Then a left-wing exile convoked a minyan to say kaddish. Clearly the historical boulders that crushed Carl Joseph did in his creator as well. It is almost impossible to read this novel without seeing it as a product of the terrible events that Roth lived through. Its numerous stylistic beauties—well captured in Eva Tucker's translation—cannot disguise the desperation of Roth's myth.

Almost like the Soviet Russianists who prefer a religious autocracy to an exhausted bureaucracy, Roth's solution to the present is to plunge into the Hapsburg past. But unlike the Russianists, Roth is too bright to think you can recapture the past. That he may be recruited by the army of cold war reaction is more irony than even this emperor of ambivalence deserves. □

The Lonely Crowd at the Movies

JOYCE JOHNSON

SEEING IS BELIEVING: How Hollywood Taught Us to Stop Worrying and Love the Fifties. *By Peter Biskind. Pantheon. 371 pp. $22.95. Paper $10.95.*

"Film criticism can be, although it rarely is, a way of getting at the 'real meaning' of movies," writes Peter Biskind in the introduction to *Seeing Is Believing*, his book on American films of the 1950s. It is his intent to describe what we see "when ideology becomes visible"—and thus to reveal to us the political messages we were absorbing three decades ago when we thought we were only dreaming or being entertained.

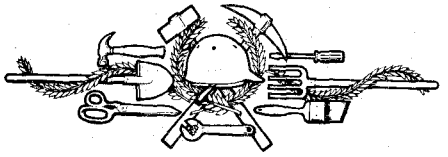
If seeing is believing, we must accept that we the audience in Loews Theatre are mere receptacles of the larger-than-life images invading our consciousness; that we are incapable of the critical judgment a Bertolt Brecht would wish to instill in us; that instead we are in thrall to the powerful manufactured images that become part of our collective generational memories. As Biskind sees us, we are "rapt, passive spectators, spellbound in the dark."

Quite correctly, Biskind views the 1950s as an era in which a "complex set of ideologies contended for public allegiance," and in which right, left and mainstream films coexisted and "pitted different ways of being and acting against each other." This perspective is a welcome one. Biskind's seeing/believing equation, however, is strangely at odds with it. As we all watched the same films in the communal popcorn darkness on Saturday nights, what did we, in fact, "believe," as we absorbed the messages that were coming at us from so many directions?

Sitting side by side in those movie theaters of the 1950s were boys who in the next decade would enlist for service in Vietnam or burn their draft cards or become blue collar workers or corporate executives; girls who would help perpetuate the suburban nuclear family or go it alone as sexually liberated independent women. Among the conservatively dressed young people were those who by 1957 would find themselves identifying with outsiders such as the Beats, precursors of the sixties counterculture. So many implicitly contradictory directions and possibilities were in the air as the audience bought its tickets and took its seats. Who can generalize now about where the decisive influences on so many varied human beings would come from? Life is not so simple, and neither is filmmaking. A chicken may lay an egg. But who eats it and in what kind of dish?

Biskind knows more in his introduction than he does in the rest of his book. In his early pages, he makes the important observation that "films often start out trying to do one thing and end up doing another, because the delicate balance between contending ideas is thrown off by a strong performance by this actor or that actress." That's the last we hear of this crucial point. In his discussion of *On the Waterfront*, for example, Biskind tells us that the real subject of the film was not the struggle against mob corruption on the Hoboken waterfront but the justification of the naming of names before the House Un-American Activities Committee. In this sense, *On the Waterfront*

Joyce Johnson is the author of Minor Characters *(Houghton-Mifflin).*



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had been conceived from the outset by its screenwriter Budd Schulberg and its director Elia Kazan as a political film. Biskind raises no question as to whether or not everyone in the audience got the intended message. But as I remember it, many—even some of the very people horrified by the proceedings at HUAC—were quite simply moved by the specific plight of Terry Malloy, the ex-prizefighter turned informer. Because of the power of Brando's performance, Malloy was not a political abstraction but a suffering, bewildered man, trapped in an impossible situation by the limitations of class. That was the message, embodied in Brando's line "I couldda been a contendah," that a substantial number of people carried away with them from the theater—just as others may have been convinced by Schulberg and Kazan that informing was a moral act, and still another smaller, more sophisticated segment of the audience may have been enraged by the filmmakers' attempt to manipulate them politically.

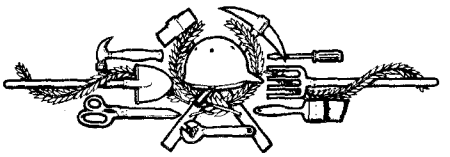
In another provocative passage in his introduction, Biskind reminds us that the collaborative aspect of filmmaking surely had an influence on politics: a conservative director might find himself working with a liberal writer and both might be subject to the overriding notions of a profit-minded studio head as to what might spell success or failure at the box office. Nonetheless, when Biskind looks at specific films, the ideology he finds in them often seems to come from no one and nowhere in particular, and there is little examination of the interaction between the individuals involved. *Seeing Is Believing* is, in fact, based on a textual analysis of old film scripts. Story lines are presented to us with scarcely any reference to the subtexts provided by performance, cinematography or music. It is as if the making of a film were much the same as the writing of a novel, and as isolated an act. We might even think (if we did not know better) that the Hollywood scriptwriter had the last word.

Biskind is a lively and witty writer and—on the surface, at least—cheerfully undogmatic. Having read *Seeing Is Believing*, movie buffs could play a new parlor game, identifying corporate liberals in westerns, rugged individualists in sci-fi movies, "cops" in war movies and feminized males in films of every genre from *Red River* to *Pillow Talk*. Occasionally one must stop, however, and do a double take. Is it too much to say that the red ants in *Them!* represent a "paranoid fantasy of a world dominated by predatory females"? Couldn't the creation of these ants have been a rather mindless imitative response to the giant aphids, black scorpions and crab monsters featured in other successful sci-fi films of the 1950s?

As he sorts out films into left, right and liberal, Biskind is such an enthusiastic labeler that he is brought up short when he confronts complexity or ambiguity, and an impatient tone creeps in. Having neatly categorized *From Here to Eternity* as a conservative film about "promotion, individualism, cooperation," he seems rather dismayed to find some ambivalence on these issues: the film "waffles from left to right" and "can't make up its mind about whether those at the top are good or not."

Surprisingly little space is allotted by Biskind to Stanley Kramer's *The Wild One*, one of the most influential left-wing films of the decade, but also a curiously ambivalent one. From the perspective of the 1980s, the black-leather-jacketed members of the motorcycle gang led by Marlon Brando might well seem to foreshadow the neo-fascist thugs of *A Clockwork Orange*. Biskind, however, skates all too lightly over *The Wild One*'s contradictory messages: "In the same way that left-wing sci-fi embraced aliens, peer groups or gangs were okay [for leftists] because they formed the core of a potentially oppositional community, and therefore they were entirely justified in their defiance of centrist techniques of social control." A more detailed discussion of the circumstances surrounding the making of this particular film than the one provided might also have been illuminating. For example, Biskind never points out what is common knowledge among filmmakers—that because *The Wild One* was produced as a "B" movie, Kramer had much more freedom at the outset than he would have been granted had there been a larger investment at stake. Nor does Biskind tell us that in the original version of the film, the gang rides off scot-free after its reign of terror in a corrupt California town. (Because of studio pressure, the ending was reshot and the members of the gang were brought before a magistrate.)

Seeing Is Believing offers a lot of information about what the scenarios written in the 1950s were trying to tell us. But it offers practically nothing in



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the way of conclusion. Biskind's thesis is a play that lacks a third act. Once he has accurately identified the overt or hidden message of a film, we are to assume, I suppose, that masses of people received the message and swallowed it. We are left to fill in the blanks and to wrestle with the elusive questions of cause and effect Biskind has bypassed.

In the 1950s did we believe, as Henry Fonda did in *Twelve Angry Men*, that only experts—"intellectuals, scientists and technocrats"—could effectively run society? Or were our heroes lone individualists who defied consensus, like Gary Cooper in *High Noon*? Do we remember James Dean's alienation and anger in *Rebel Without a Cause* or his desire to have his father assert authority? Did the travails of Joan Crawford in *Johnny Guitar* teach girls not to be bossy, self-made women? Or did we wish to become powerful matriarchs like Elizabeth Taylor in *Giant* or to play house with rebellious boys, like Natalie Wood with James Dean and Sal Mineo?

In other words, why do some messages we receive from films—in any decade—bounce off us, while others sink in? What happens to all the conflicting messages we absorb in the dark? Were the films of the 1950s reflecting us more than we were reflecting them? And is it just possible that the films we see have relatively little influence on us at all—that seeing is not believing? □

Not Quite Pakistan

SVEN BIRKERTS

SHAME. *By Salman Rushdie. Alfred A. Knopf. 319 pp. $13.95.*

"I tell myself this will be a novel of leavetaking, my last words on the East from which, many years ago, I began to come loose." So writes Salman Rushdie in an aside in his new novel, *Shame*. Readers familiar with his Booker Prizewinning *Midnight's Children* are sure to arch a skeptical brow, for Rushdie is a writer demonized by place. His every phrase seems to blossom from the soil of Eastern myth and legend. What kind of leave-taking does he have in mind? Can a writer decide this kind of thing? Or is this a feint, an announcement made to short-circuit his canonization as our Writer of the East?

Bombay-born, Rugby- and Cambridge-educated, Rushdie now lives in London. Although he is only in his mid-30s, he has already established himself as one of the pre-eminent tale-tellers of his generation. *Midnight's Children*, his second novel (the first was *Grimus*, published in 1975), attempted nothing less than a myth of modern India. With its sprouting, bougainvillea prose, its daring manipulation of time, its insistence on the fantastical character of the real, its outsized personalities and grotesque humor, it resembles García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and stands up well to the comparison. *Shame*, piping a similar cobra music, promulgating its own impossibilities, is like a partitioned-off piece of *Midnight's Children*. And "partitioned" is the right word here—for *Shame* is Rushdie's myth of Pakistan, or someplace very much like Pakistan. He cautions us not to limit the sphere of reference. "My view," he states, "is that I am not writing only about Pakistan." That "only" is the freighted word.

Shame begins with the death of the patriarch Old Mr. Shakil, and ends many years later with the violent murder of his grandson, Omar Khayyam Shakil, in the same decrepit mansion in the town of Q. Omar is conceived by one of Shakil's three daughters during the festivities arranged to honor the old man's death. We never learn who his father is, or, for that matter, his mother—as soon as they detect pregnancy, the three haughty sisters sequester themselves and divide their shame:

> Identically, their wombs ballooned towards the pregnancy's full term. It is naturally possible that all this was achieved with the help of physical contrivances, cushions and padding and even faint-inducing vapors; but it is my unshakable opinion that such an analysis grossly demeans the love that existed between the sisters.

Omar has a predictably odd and precocious childhood. Locked away from the world, he passes his days in the dark corridors of that "improbable mansion." He stares at the distant mountains through his telescope, masters innumerable languages; finally,

Sven Birkerts has published reviews in The New Republic *and* The New York Review of Books.

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with the aid of his grandfather's books, he teaches himself the art of hypnosis. We prepare ourselves for marvelous exploits. He is certain to be, like Saleem Sinai in *Midnight's Children*, the carrier of a grand destiny. But suddenly, with a snap of the narrator's wrist, the figured carpet is plucked from under us. Some fifty pages into the book Rushdie sets Omar aside and begins to spin the tale of Bilquis, the mother-to-be of Omar's bride, Sufiya Zinobia.

With this shift, the strong linear flow is broken. The plot will now be parceled out among Bilquis; her husband, Raza Hyder; Hyder's cousin Rani Humayun; and Rani's husband, Iskander Harappa (whose drinking and debauching partner, we hear, is a young Dr. Omar Shakil); later we pick up Sufiya and Naveed (the two Hyder daughters) and Arjumand, daughter of Rani and Iskander. Omar never earns our full attention again. We are caught up, instead, in an elaborate snake dance involving the Hyders and Harappas, two of the families of power in Rushdie's not-quite-named emerging nation.

It sounds confusing, and it is. Not only does the focus shift from character to character but Rushdie juggles verb tenses as if they were so many colored balls. He has discovered the inexhaustible fourth dimension: any event both *has* consequences and *is* a consequence. The past-future axis can be speared through the story line at any point. Time and again Rushdie will halt action for a peep into the future ("Many years later, when Iskander Harappa stood in the dock of the courtroom . . . "—the García Márquez echo is surely deliberate) or leapfrog backward with a "many years ago" construction. The splices are well done and the time swings can be exhilarating. Only the reviewer suffers, for an elegant précis is impossible.

Raza Hyder and Iskander Harappa are fatally entwined as accomplices/rivals in the struggle for political power. Echoes of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and Zia ul-Haq abound—Harappa, like Bhutto, awaits trial in a Lahore jail; he is finally executed, as Bhutto was, after the trial results in a hung jury. But again, Rushdie warns us not to read *Shame* as a *roman à clef*: "There are two countries, real and fictional, occupying the same space, or almost the same space."

The political vicissitudes of the two power brokers propel the plot, but the domestic consequences of their mania supply its substance. And here Rushdie indulges his appetite for the fantastic. If the political realm is depicted with little exaggeration (after all, who needs to heighten anything in the daily news?), the private is set out with different truths in mind. Thus Sufiya, the first Hyder daughter, is "gifted" with an uncanny sensitivity to shame—her own and others'. As Raza Hyder climbs to power, Sufiya is transformed into a murderous demon. For in Rushdie's scheme, shamelessness and shame are dialectically hitched, each engendering the other, until they produce violence.

Tracing his obsession, Rushdie tells the story of a Pakistani in East London who murders his daughter because she made love to a white boy. "My Sufiya Zinobia," he writes, "grew out of the corpse of that murdered girl." In that incident Rushdie saw the elements of the culture in relief: pride, rage, furious righteousness. And shame? He admits that the *sharam* of the Moslem world does not translate directly into the "shame" of ours. Rooted in the religion, *sharam* is as difficult to take hold of as it is pervasive. But one thing is clear: the women are the martyrs. Sexually oppressed, hidden behind the shielding and enticing veil, they have had to express the contradiction between law and human instinct in blushes.

A similar division of labor exists in the social and political realm. There the men wield the power and the women take on the emotional consequences of the men's actions. Shame, for men, is injured pride; for women, it is more like an expiation of sins. The father who killed his daughter reveals one aspect of *sharam*; Sufiya Zinobia reveals another. In a culture where the men repress and the women express, the compensatory dynamic makes the bestialization of Sufiya possible.

Shameless power—in one way or another it perverts the natural lives of the characters. Each becomes a grotesque of a different stamp. The once-beautiful Rani Harappa ends her days embroidering hellish visions onto shrouds; the daughter, Arjumand, differently attuned, worships her father and makes herself into the icy "virgin Ironpants" to please him; Harappa, as we already know, is executed by his old colleague. *Shame* is, in one sense, a vivid dramatization of Lord Acton's too often cited, never sufficiently heeded maxim, "Power tends to corrupt . . ." But for Rushdie the corruption seeps through the social world and into the most private reaches of the individual psyche.

Rushdie has put together an intricate tale and his sustained sinuosities are a delight. Problems arise, though, when he tries to bring everything together into a properly Sophoclean ending. He is forced to do some heavy-handed maneuvering. First, the neglected Omar—now obese and aged—is brought back. He marries Sufiya, hoping to cure her through hypnosis. But shame has scoured away her last human resources. She escapes into the countryside and begins her orgy: to quote Ted Hughes, her "manners are tearing off heads." Meanwhile, Raza Hyder, who has executed Harappa and assumed the presidency, is toppled by a coup. Bilquis, Raza and their son-in-law, Omar, don disguises and flee, naturally, to the old mansion in Q., where, after all these years, the trio of weird sisters is still clucking. Horror, violence, death. We have been brought full circle to be cleansed at the grand union of effects with their causes.

But we are not cleansed. At least, not fully. For Rushdie's tale-telling impulses have overwhelmed his moral purpose. He has spun his threads with considerable art, but he doesn't allow every fate to ripen separately. There is a sense of forced, hothouse development; the finale lacks tragic resonance.

In a similar way, Rushdie's complex inventiveness undermines his treatment of the grand theme: shame. He is, abstractly speaking, onto something.

WIDOW

The woman tends the fire
gathers sticks for it
shields it from the wind
she piles it higher
pokes it into shape
lets it warm her
explains its virtues points out
its brightness to others
oh how she dotes on it
and vows never to let it go out
but is forbidden to carry
or even to touch
the sacred implements by which
it is struck
into being.

Now these are inert
and blackened forever
and it is she who bears them
proudly everywhere.

Irving Feldman

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The violent imposition of political nationhood on a traditional and religious culture cannot but have powerful consequences. When people act in new ways, against themselves, against the past, monsters are created. Raza Hyder and Harappa are inhuman in their will to power. Sufiya's shame and rage are, in effect, the reaction of the human in the face of the inhuman. The cause-and-effect dynamic, as Rushdie knows well, operates on both the physical and psychic planes. But all too often we are simply told that there is shame—we are seldom permitted to feel its burn. When shame finally does avenge itself on shamelessness, we cannot feel the full *frisson*, and *that* is a shame.

There are, however, compensations for these failings. The writing is supple, descriptions are charged (Raza Hyder has "enough energy to light up a street," a young movie magnate is a "kiss-lipped boy") and for all its fragmentation, the story surges forward with no wasted motion. We come away shaken, though more by the implications of the tale than by the tale itself. If what Rushdie says about shame is true, if it does well up wherever power turns against the commonweal, and if it does, in fact, turn into violence, then there is more darkness in store—and not "only" for Pakistan. □

Guilt-Edged Poems

DON BOGEN

THE SACRIFICE. *By Frank Bidart. Random House/Vintage. 63 pp. $10. Paper $5.95.*

Although it seems a little early, there is a distinct *fin de siècle* tone in poetry today. A twilight glimmer of the esthetic clings to the most unlikely images—I once heard plastic garbage bags described as "sails full of night"—and a general mistiness of tone prevails. Their ideas may be bland or vague, but many of today's poets have exquisite sensitivities. We certainly know they have felt *something*, even if we're not quite sure what it is. If their evocations of pears in wooden bowls, drizzly views from casement windows and numinous childhood memories have any point, it is to prove that the writer is, well, poetic. The real subject is the poet's sensibility.

There are, of course, a few odd souls who use poetry not to posture but to engage ideas. Frank Bidart, for instance, writes about guilt. His first book, *Golden State* (1973), centered on parents as the source of guilt. In *The Book of the Body* (1977) he looked at guilt stemming from physical desires. His new volume, *The Sacrifice*, examines guilt as a fundamental condition of human existence. While Bidart's work contains a great deal of intense, often tortured emotion, his general approach is analytical rather than merely expressive. He is a poet of rationality and dramatic argument. The title poem of *The Sacrifice*, a study of a woman watching her mother die of cancer, is typical in its insistence on the context and meaning of individual suffering:

> What once had given Mary life
> in the end didn't want it.
>
> Awake, her mother screamed for help
> to die.
> —She felt
>
> GUILTY . . . She knew that *all* men
> in these situations felt
> innocent—; helpless—; yet guilty.
>
> Christ knew the Secret. Betrayal
> is necessary; as is woe for the betrayer.
>
> *The solution*, Mary realized at last,
> *must be brought out of my own body.*
>
> Wiping away our sins, Christ stained
> us with his blood—;
> to offer yourself, yet need *betrayal*, by
> *Judas*, before SHOULDERING
>
> THE GUILT OF THE WORLD—;
> . . . *Give me the courage not to need*
> *Judas.*

There is little "poetic" atmosphere in *The Sacrifice*, and the volume is hardly a smooth presentation of individual sensitivity. To open a book and find Vaslav Nijinsky discussing *Ecce Homo* and concluding, "I am not Nietzsche. I am the bride of Christ" is to enter a more complex and disturbing world than the poetry of sensibility allows.

With its portentous and rather bleak subject, *The Sacrifice* could easily be weighed down by the seriousness of its concerns. Indeed, Bidart's closing poem, "Genesis 1-2:4," is at times slow going despite its intriguing variations on the King James text. But the writing is generally so diverse and energetic that the book never feels like a sermon or a treatise. The volume contains a broad range of poems: the Genesis passage, a long historical poem spoken primarily by Nijinsky, two elegies for friends, an extended self-analysis and a two-line translation from Catullus. And the poems abound in different voices. "The War of Vaslav Nijinsky," the thirty-page poem that opens the book, for example, includes passages of dramatic monologue spoken by the dancer, prose observations by his wife and different biographers and a framing device in which Bidart summarizes Nijinsky's life in relation to his time. Though the frame may be too obvious, the poem as a whole combines dramatic tension with the sustained power of a meditation on a theme.

Bidart's ability to retain variety and energy in the long poem without losing focus is particularly impressive in "Confessional." This exploration of the poet's symbiotic relationship with his mother convinces in the sheer exasperation it evokes. But Bidart is not content merely to pour out his guilt and suffering in the standard confessional manner. He includes in the poem a terrifying "confessor," part priest, part shrink, whose repeated questions—"*Did you forgive her?*" "*Why are you angry?*" "*How do you explain it?*"—force the poet to analyze and interpret his experience. In its exhaustive clarification of an insoluble problem, "Confessional" is one of the most intelligent and moving poems on family relations to appear in recent years.

Bidart's work quite literally looks like no one else's. Long, often complex sentences wind across lines varying from one word to extensive lists. Capital letters, italics, italicized capitals and other forms of emphasis stand out like neon signs all over the page. Tone shifts rapidly: a speaker may be hushed and reverent in one line, hysterical in the next. Bidart's voices speed up and slow down, make sudden interjections, contradict themselves and go off on tangents. They use authorities, events in their lives and deductive reasoning interchangeably to make their points. Here is Nijinsky on madness and guilt:

> Nietzsche was insane. He knew
> we killed God.
>
> . . . This is the *end* of the story:
>
> though He was dead, God was clever
> and strong. God struck back,—

Don Bogen teaches at the University of Cincinnati. His poems have appeared in The New Republic, The American Poetry Review *and other journals.*

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AND KILLED US.

If I *act* insane, people will call me
"mad clown," and forgive
even the truth—;

the insane feel anxiety and horror,

but are RELEASED
from GUILT . . .

I only want to know
things I've learned like this,—

these things I cannot *NOT* know.

The overall effect of this protean texture is not one of chaos but rather one of intense introspection—the halting, often involuted progress of minds turned in on themselves.

With its introspective focus, *The Sacrifice* is a highly self-conscious work. Yet it contains none of the coyness that can afflict books that include references to their own creation. When Bidart follows his initial analysis of a friend's life and death in "For Mary Ann Youngren" with "No, that's *not* enough,—/*not* true, wrong," we are led not so much to admire his cleverness in turning the poem back on itself as to consider the final inability of language to resolve experience. In this sense *The Sacrifice* is a fundamentally tragic book. Nijinsky, Catullus and Bidart himself devise myriad strategies for coming to terms with guilt, all of which, at least on one level, fail.

The aura of failure haunts Bidart's language. It is not that words cannot clarify experience—many of the speakers understand their predicaments quite well—but that they cannot provide relief from the past and the guilt it has set in motion. Obsessive, paradoxical, Bidart's vocabulary struggles against its own powerlessness. There is a strange music to this struggle, grounded in careful use of abstract, seemingly "unpoetic" terms. A passage from "Confessional" is fairly typical:

I *did* "will" to forgive her, but

FORGIVENESS lay beyond the will,—

. . . *and I willed NOT to forgive her,*
for "forgiveness" seems to say:—

Everything is forgotten, obliterated,—
the past
is as nothing, erased . . .

Her plea, her need for forgiveness
seemed the attempt to obliterate

the ACTIONS, ANGERS, DECISIONS

that *made me* what I am . . .

"Forgiveness," "will" and "obliterate" are hardly words of innate beauty, but Bidart uses repetition and the tonal variation created by different emphases and placement to develop an unusual lyric effect. When his work sings it is not with the traditional illusion of effortless ease but with a baroque intricacy that comes out of his distinctly uneasy struggle for clarity. The poems are marked with the effort of their creation.

Bidart's odd music will not appeal to all readers. Drenched in obsession, his poems have the obsessive's resistance to easy conclusions. These examinations of guilt are jagged, disquieting and finally illuminating. *The Sacrifice* seems unresolved—not because it is vague but because it is clear. It makes much of contemporary poetry look like mere posing. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

The New York City Ballet's fall season opened on November 15 with an all-Balanchine gala at the State Theater—"Symphony in Three Movements," "Apollo" (the season's only scheduled performance) and "Symphony in C." From where I sat in the fourth ring, the dancers looked as far away as Nebraska, but the ballets loomed large. Both the symphonic pieces contain slashing patterns that are especially clear from high up; secrets for the birds, like the White Horse of Uffington. "Apollo," a pas de quatre marked by an amused and intimate tone, is better seen close; even so, the brilliant gala cast registered much of its charm from far—Suzanne Farrell (Terpsichore), Kyra Nichols (Polyhymnia), Maria Calegari (Calliope) and, in his final performance in the title role, Peter Martins. Between now and December 6, the last time he will dance for the public, Martins will be taking leave of all his major roles. With his retirement from performing, he has said, he will concentrate his energies on running the company and making ballets.

At 36, he leaves behind an Apollo that has become a standard for a generation—a figure of ease and reserve, of modesty and self-mastery. The rough youth Balanchine apparently intended when the ballet was given its premiere in 1928 has, with Martins, been thoroughly tamed. Over the years, Martins's cool presence in this role has grown predictable, as if the ballet presented him

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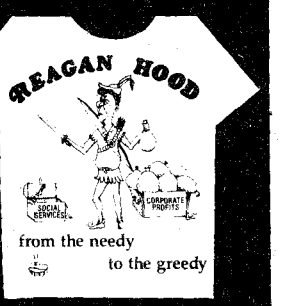

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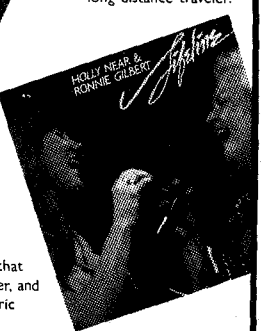

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with no new intellectual or dramatic challenges. His dancing still surprises, however: the large body skipping lightly and sharply, the cushioned descent into demi-plié, the deadpan timing that points up the wit of a classical step or the sly comedy of a choreographic phrase. Martins made his debut as Apollo in 1967 with the Royal Danish Ballet; Apollo was also the first New York City Ballet role he performed. In his 1982 autobiography, *Far From Denmark*, he spoke of how, under Balanchine's guidance, he rethought his dancing of the part, and he has remained true to his conclusions. "Each step and phrase demanded a positive, clear accent and a strong attack," he wrote. "The whole role should be danced crisply and with firm definition, no slurring of any movement. My feet should move with the kind of force needed to punt a football or to sidekick it down a field. My legs . . . shouldn't be classically beautiful, but should be shaped to a charged effect. They could be thought of as powerfully made, abstract shapes. Don't always turn out, turn in."

Complaints about Martins's Apollo concentrate on his upper body. The patrons around me in the fourth ring (balletomanes of long standing, I gathered, and a merciless brood of critics) clucked over his languid treatment of the smoldering reach and pumping hands that begin Apollo's best-known solo. Even as these fans accorded him a standing ovation, they spoke of his performances in the 1970s and lamented the loss of heat. Yet one could also admire his enormous gains as a partner, the way he directs one's focus to a ballerina through his posture, his glance. The less he did, the better the effect. In his last act before relinquishing his lyre, this Apollo entrusted Olympus to the Muses.

The night I attended the Tulsa Ballet Theatre, which made its New York debut in November at Brooklyn College's Whitman Hall, the audience admired everything on the program—except the best thing, a fifty-one-year-old pas de deux by Balanchine called "The Hand of Fate," the sole surviving fragment of the legendary "Cotillon," made to showcase the teen-age Tamara Toumanova. Staged by Tulsa artistic director Roman Jasinski (he and co-director Moscelyne Larkin danced the piece in New York City themselves in 1955), the italicized manners and unvarying diagonal seem overdrawn for a work remembered as adolescent perfume. But what we saw was a "Hand" fine enough to seize the imagination much of the time, and it did suggest the freakish wit one glimpses in other Balanchine ballets where lovers become more estranged in spirit the closer they get in fact. The music is a waltz by Emmanuel Chabrier, fine champagne with the slightest aftertaste of gall. Against a projection of a crescent moon and stars, a woman (a figure of Destiny) in calf-length black tutu and opera-length black gloves dances with a young man in a formal black knicker suit. At first he's ardent, then he withdraws and she advances into his arms. It's a relationship made up of half-disclosures and willful ignorance. She puts both gloved hands, fingers vertical, against her eyes; he takes one hand away from her face, leaving the audience to imagine the completion of the unmasking. He puts his arm against his own eyes as if to keep himself from seeing something and retreats; she pursues, and, swooping up her leg at the last moment in a grand battement, is in his arms. These passes and veronicas are achieved, deliciously, on unpredictable beats in the waltz. The whole feeling of the pas de deux is of a dream quietly being decoded, although by the end one hesitates to identify the spectral messages that crowd one's mind.

Within the choreography one sees the seeds of Balanchine characters to come: Orpheus and Eurydice, the Poet and the Sleepwalker, the "La Valse" girl and Death. The dancers, Melissa Hale and Matthew Bridwell, worked cleanly and with understatement, good representatives of the attentive training that seems common to the Tulsa company as a whole. (What makes the group look regional or dated are the meaty physiques of many of the dancers and the overattention to academic detail at the expense of flow.) I was shocked that a New York audience would give an ovation to Jasinski's earnest but minor "Convolutions" and "The Four Moons," and to a leaden staging of "Gaîté Parisienne," and for this handsome number sit on its hands.

Twyla Tharp's company, expected at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in January, is touring the country now with a repertory that includes Tharp's new piece, "Telemann." When the company performed at the Bardavon 1869 Opera House in Poughkeepsie in November, I went over for a look. On first viewing,

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"Telemann" is full of beautiful things, although at the Bardavon it was difficult to get hold of. The opera house is small and friendly, but its stage is simply too shallow for Tharp's medley of shifting relationships and architectural planes. The piece's three men and three women start off as couples and evolve into soloists, clusters and, at one or two points, a sextet. Thanks to Santo Loquasto's sheer white outfits and Tharp's use of ballet steps, the dance has an impersonal, Grecian look. It may also be the most densely structured work to premiere yet this season. I think that dancers, in particular, will be mesmerized by the dizzying changes of weight and direction, and by the amazing clarity of the steps at that hellbent speed. On the Brooklyn stage it may well look out of this world. □

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K	■	O	■	I	■	S	■	O	■	E	■	A	■	N
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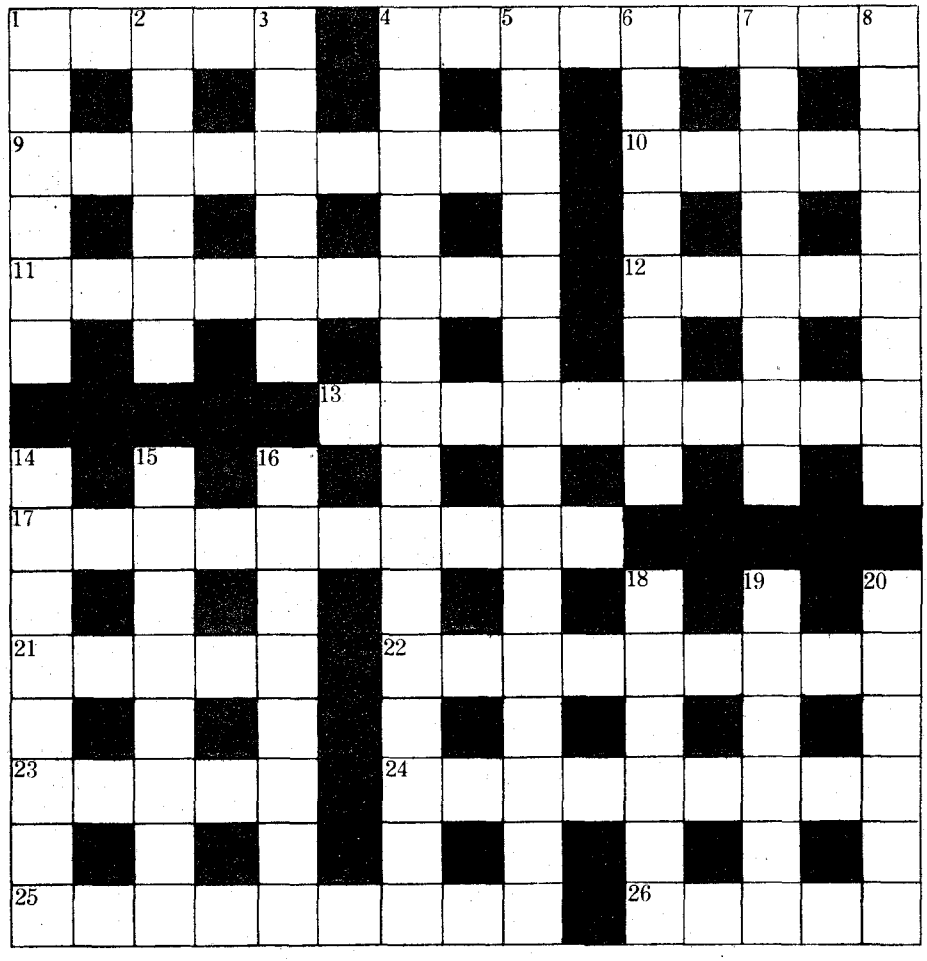
X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1987

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It might make parting easier, though one wouldn't want to have it with the authorities. (5)
4 *Inclinations to write songs?* (9)
9 Music Man's Marian scales an outburst of rain. (9)
10 One might not want to associate with the company when one goes in opposite directions. (5)
11 Twenty? No, I could be much older! (6-3)
12 A mess of a stew—one might have to dump it! (5)
13 Make kindling? Perhaps you can do it with two fingers—knives aren't usually associated with them. (10)
17 Unexpected visit of a Mr. Partiality. (10)
21 Nellie (but not I) could be confused with another girl. (5)
22 Comes out of the west on this, to have a sharpening effect. (9)
23 Sees what one is looking for, but stays back nevertheless. (5)
24 When in a rush, poorly rated tires can be. (9)
25 Scattered seeds near these—possibly typical of the night air. (9)
26 Said to be paid in final settlement. (5)

DOWN

1 One might say "I won't" to a waiter. (One might to an organization, too.) (6)
2 Rub the wrong way, with a couple of points getting polished. (6)
3 Masculine skills possibly suit. (6)
4 Revelers do, with a splash of color. (5,3,4,3)
5 The sergeant gets the soldiers, as they say, in the station, and is finally "not all there" . . . (3,6,6)
6 . . . and in a flash, perhaps, the joker makes others equally stupid. (4-4)
7 There's a point to a single of this kind, but it's a unique one. (8)
8 In difficulty, rescues a form of it to secure respite. (8)
14 It's not on! What could make sense with misdemeanors, for example? (8)
15 One evidently doesn't do any good with a smashed idol in eternal surroundings. (8)
16 A wonderful boy, a generation or so removed. (8)
18 One can't say "do not disturb, please!" (One might be this!) (6)
19 How to suspend robbery? (4,2)
20 Mail not deliverable? One might return to this. (6)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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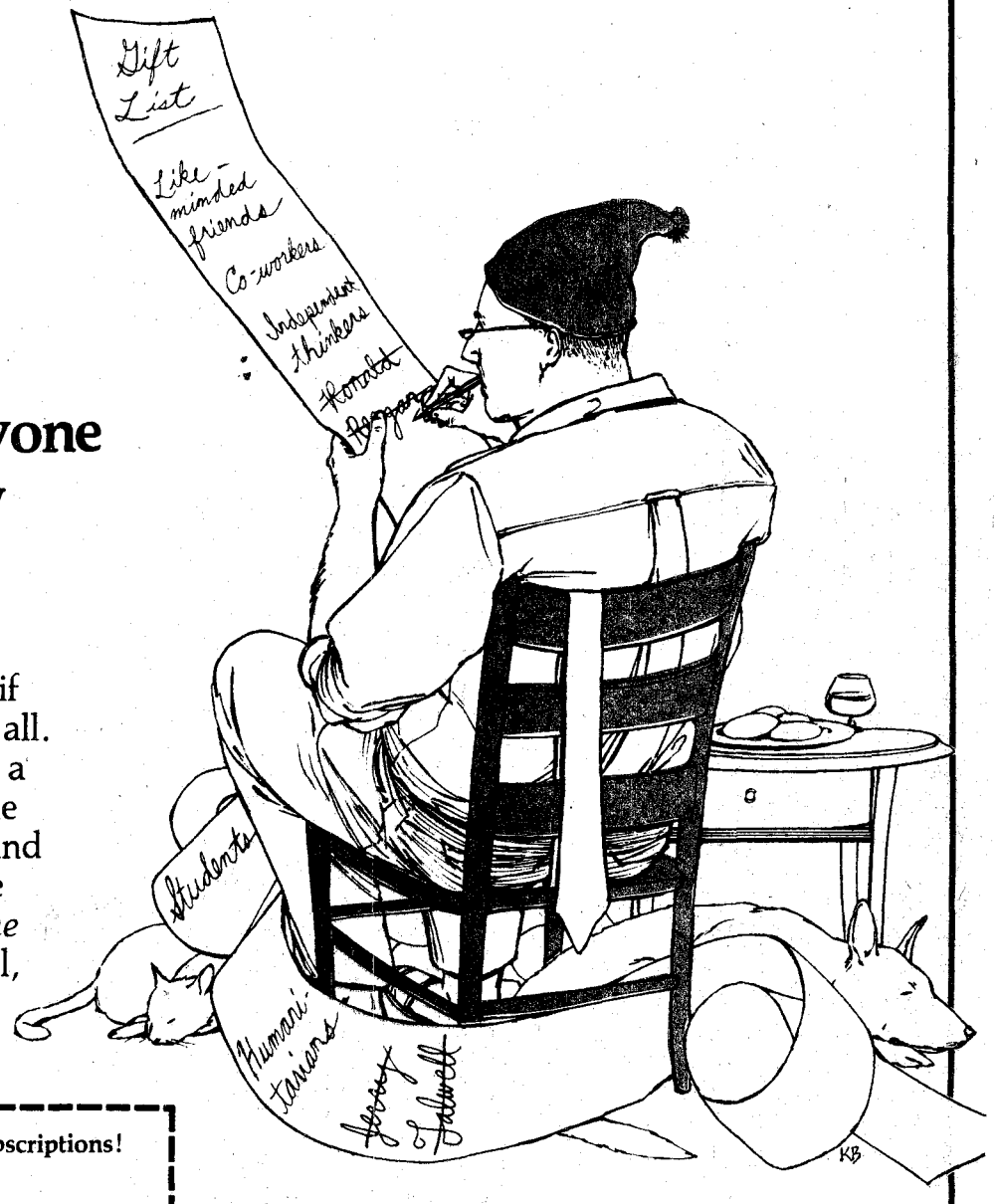

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